# FANATICAL CONVERSION;

OR,

# Methodiſm Diſplayed.

800.L 33
2

## A SATIRE.

Illuſtrated and *verified* by NOTES from J. WESLEY's Fanatical JOURNALS, and by the AUTHOR, unravelling the deluſive *Craft* of that well-invented Syſtem of *pious Sorcery* which turns *Lions* into *Lambs*, called, in Deriſion, METHODISM.

"*Converſion* is a Fly that looks about,
"After *its Head's pull'd off*, to find it out."

BUTLER on FANATICAL CONVERSION.

"There is no *Folly* [or *Knavery*] too great, even for a *Man of Senſe*, if he reſolve to follow his own *Imagination*."

WESLEY's 10th Journal, p. 145.

"Ah! poor *Achitophel!*—Alas! for the *Man!* Alas! for the *People!*

WESLEY's 4 Jour. 68.—12 Jour. 95.

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DEDICATED

TO THAT

PRODIGY of *PERFECTION*,

# The *Chief Apoſtle* and *Hierophant*

OF THAT

## *Second Temple* of METHODISM*,

# The *Sinleſs* FOUNDERY,

By One of the moſt Obſervant of his *Audience*.

"——————" O mearum
" *Dulce Decus*, Columenque Rerum!"

* See *Erico-Maſtix*'s Letter to the Author of the *Fanatic Satires*, in the St. James's Chronicle, June 25, 1778.——N.B. *Erico-Maſtix* is J. W——y *himſelf*.

DEDICATED

TO THAT

FRIDICY of PERFECTION,

The Chief Temple and Hermitage

OF THAT

Second Temple of METHODISM*,

The SIMPLE FOUNDERY,

By One of the most Obscure of His Admirers.

# PREFACE.

THE Author, well apprized that the whole *fanatic Sanhedrim* have ſat in Council upon his *Publications*, unkennels *Reynard* once more for their Amuſement; which ſhall be *continually* gratified till he fairly hunts him down*.——Such *Vermin* ſhould be cautious of prowling too near *their Neighbour's Fold*, and making *unwarrantable Inroads*.

The *Writer*'s Deſign in this *Satire* is to account for *Fanatical Converſion* among *Methodiſts* in a *natural* Way; though it has hitherto been repreſented by *Brother* W—f—d, *Brother* W-ſ—y, and Others, in their *pious Journals*, and *paſtoral* Writings, as *ſupernatural*, and *miraculous*, to ſerve their *holy Purpoſes*. The *Author*, however, with all the *impious* Aſſurance of an *Infidel*, preſumes to treat it here as the audacious Offspring of infamous *Impoſture*. The Ground-work of this Poem is raiſed upon thoſe authentic and important Records of *Methodiſm*, the *Journals*, and other ſacred Tracts of that *venerable*, *hierophantic Myſtagogue* of the *ſinleſs Foundery*. All the *Facts*, or *Caſes of Converſion*, at which the Poet takes the *wicked* Liberty of *laughing*, will be found in thoſe *hallowed Journals*, as referred to in the *Notes*†. If any *Miſrepreſentation*

* Sir *James Ware* publiſhed his Hunting of the *Romiſh Fox*—Why may not I hunt a *Bedlam Fox?* In this Caſe, the Author (like *J. W*—— himſelf) determined, at firſt, *not to ſtrike a ſingle Stroke, if he could not follow the Blow.* V. *J. W*—*y*'s 5th Jour. 93.—The Author hopes his intended *Fanatic Anecdotes* will be a *Chef-d'Oeuvre*, a *Coup-de-Main*. From the Clearneſs of indubitable Teſtimony adduced, they ſhall extort Belief from every Reader, however prejudiced in Favour of theſe *pious* People, and their *perfect* Leader.

† N. B. Only *Weſley*'s and not *Whitefield*'s Journals are here uſed, becauſe Brother *Weſley* diſclaims working by Brother *Whitefield's Laſt*. In ſhort, he handſomely gives Brother *Whitefield* up as a *Fanatic*, to ſave *himſelf* from that Imputation. V. 3 Jour. 70.

ſhould

ſhould appear, it is not wilful, but merely owing to the Author's Want of Capacity for comprehending Relations of *Facts* ſo deeply involved in *Witchcraft*, *Necromancy*, *Myſtery*, *Miracle*, and *Phyſic*: He owns he has no *myſtic* Genius. At the ſame Time, he confeſſes the *Guilt* of endeavouring to embelliſh his *Piece* with an Attempt at ſome *poetic Scenery*. If this ſhould amount to the high Miſdemeanor of "*Ludere cum Sacris* *," he cannot but plead *guilty* to the *Crime* of impiouſly introducing *Trophonius's Cave*, as ſtrictly analagous to the *F—dery-Den*, and its manifold *Impoſtures* †. This *ungodly* Liberty cannot, however, as the *Author* conceives, affect the Truth of thoſe *ſerious* Matters of *Fact* which he relates from the *ſad* and *ſober* Diaries of *Prieſtcraft*, any more than the accuſtomed Introductions of *Temples*, *Proceſſions*, or other Scenes of grand Solemnities, in other dramatic Exhibitions, affect the main Story of the *Tragedy*. The Author will be ready, at all Times, to avow, juſtify, *verify*, and *add*, to every *ſeeming* Reflection or Aſperſion in his Piece ‡. However ſevere, or wherever they may chance to fall, he honeſtly confeſſes they are all *Caps deſigned* for thoſe *hypocritical fanatic Leaders* who chuſe to put them on.——As for the ſeveral *Caſes of Converſion*, Brother *W*——y himſelf has pledged his *Reputation* for their *Credit*, by *journalizing*, and publiſhing ſuch a *Farrago* of laughable and melancholy *Methodiſtic Nonſenſe*—— Caſes uncommon, amazing, *miraculous*, and *ridiculous*.

——————"Quæque ipſe *miſerrima* vidit,
"Et quorum *Pars magna* fuit."——————

"Each *Caſe* from *Satan's Sniv'lers* Pity draws;
"A Laugh from thoſe who know a *Kn-ve*'s the *Cauſe*."

*Wicked* as the Author may be thought, he is not, however, excluded, as a *Satiriſt*, from the Pale of *Chriſtianity*, by his ever-

* "I believe," ſays *J. W—y*, "that the Glory of ſporting with *ſacred Things* is peculiar to the *Engliſh* Nation." 2 Jour. 37. ——N. B. By *ſacred Things*, he muſt mean *Impoſtors* and their *Craft*.

† As a clear Proof of this Aſſertion, let any Man, but a *Methodiſt*, read an Account of a pretended *Viſion*, in *J. Weſley*'s 6th Journal, p. 141 to 145. This *ſerious* Relation is much more fanciful and *poetical* (in the ſtricteſt Senſe) than the Author's *Trophonius's Cave*.

‡ Let any *preaching Fanatic*, who is ſtung, and fancies himſelf a *real Apoſtle*, give but a ſingle Hint to the *Publiſher*, and the *Author* will confront him, and *convict* him too.

honoured

honoured Friend and Brother *J. Weſley*, who has a ſtrong *ſatirical* and *ſarcaſtic* * Spirit in him too.—See his 9th Journal, p. 37. Friday 13th. "I read over *Paſcal*'s Thoughts. What could poſſibly induce *ſuch a Creature* as *Voltaire* to give ſuch an Author as this a good Word, unleſs it was that he once wrote a *Satire?* And ſo his being a *Satiriſt* might atone even for his being a *Chriſtian.*"—If this be brotherly Love, and the unfeigned Charity of the *ſinleſs Foundery*, then

At *Satire*'s pointed Shafts let no Saint ſtart,
Who whets *his own* to wound a Brother's Heart.

Yet this *Saint* durſt not *rail at*, or *deſpiſe*, any Man. V. 3d Jour. p. 76. See, however, what a *Billingſgate* he is againſt our *Clergy*. 5 Jour. 88. 7 Jour. 93. 3 Jour. 82. 4 Jour. 52. and many other Places.—Againſt others, 4 Jour. 58, 54. 8 Jour. 31, 65.—Againſt his *Moravian* Friends, and his Friend Count *Zinzindorff*, with whom he would once have gladly ſpent his Life at *Hernhuth*, 2 Jour. p. 49.—"*Shining Lights!*" p. 50 to 82.—"The *holieſt* of all People." 4 Jour. 55.——Shortly afterwards (jealous that Count *Zinzindorff* ſtole his *Cuſtomers*) the poor Count, and all his *Hernhuters* and *Moravians*, are moſt infamouſly and ſcurrilouſly abuſed, as guilty of Injuſtice, Cruelty, Tyranny, *Impoſture*, *Onaniſm*, *Whoredoms*, procuring *Abortions*, and *other Abominations*. V. 8 Jour. 65. 9 Jour. 60. 5 Jour. 67. 6 Jour. 151. 7 Jour. 4, 110. 8 Jour. 80, 73, 70. ibid. from p. 69 to 76.—but *particularly* 9 Jour. p. 1 to 9.—72 to 75.——Yet, he ſays, he *pities* them too much to be *bitter* againſt them. Ibid. p. 76.——To all this *Duplicity* the Author of this Poem replies, in the Name of *our abuſed Clergy*, and even of the poor injured *Moravians* and *Hernhuters*, (as good at leaſt as *Methodiſts,*)

——"Nunc referam gratiam"——
"Æquum eſt fieri ut a me *ludatur*."

* How cruelly does this *maſſacring* Saint, with his *Calm* Mode of *Addreſs*, treat the Memory of the late excellent Lord *Lyttelton*, as if he had *diſbelieved* the *Divinity of Chriſt*;—a Man, whoſe Shoe-Latchet he was not worthy (with all his *pretended Perfection*) to unlooſe. V. 15 Jour. p. 111. All this of a *dead Man* too. Though "De mortuis nil niſi *bonum*" might have prevailed with an *Heathen*, yet, among *Saints*, "A *living Dog*" (as *John* ſomewhere ſays in his pious Journals) is "better than a *dead Lion*."

The Author is in ſome Doubt, upon the Whole, whether *One Foundery Saint*, in particular, may not join in Sentiment with *Brother Weſley*, who in his 13th *Journal*, *p.* 84, ſays, " I ſeldom reliſh *Verſes* at *firſt* hearing. Till I have read them *over and over*, they give me no Pleaſure: And they give me *next to none*, when I have read them a few Times more, ſo as to be *quite familiar*. An Object, when I am *too much acquainted with it*, is no longer *pleaſing*."—In this whimſical Reflection the *Poet* reads his Fate at the *Foundery*; and makes no farther Apology than this for his *Pagan Trifle*:

" If, inſcrib'd to *you*, it ſtrikes your Eye,
" Read it, and *laugh*; or *frown*, and paſs it by *."

* That the *Fanatic Saints* themſelves certainly read the Author's *ungodly* Pieces, with the deepeſt *Feelings*, appears from ſeveral anonymous Letters from *Foundery-Saints* (i. e. from the *Founder* himſelf) to the *Publiſher*; among others one is juſt come to Hand, with which the Author preſents his Reader:

" Sir,—I pray God to pardon you for ſuffering, in Conſideration of *worldly Lucre*, your Name to be put to the many *ungodly* Pamphlets lately written againſt the *pious People* called, in Deriſion, *Methodiſts*. I ſincerely wiſh to ſee you publiſh only *good* Books; though in all Likelihood leſs *Money* is made of them than of the *ſcandalous* Pamphlets againſt the *Methodiſts*. *Praying earneſtly* for your ſpeedy *Reformation*, I remain, Your *unknown* humble Servant,
*Fore-Street, Oct.* 28, 1778. S—. D—."

Indeed, Mr. S— D—, you are not *unknown*; for, ex *Pede* Herculem—the *Devil* is known by his *cloven Foot*.—But if the Love of *Gain* can be objected to a *Bookſeller*, what muſt we think of *One* who (pretending to preach the Goſpel of *Peace*) can from the *Pulpit calmly* blow up the Flames of *Civil War* between his own Countrymen, for the Sake of ſelling a few Hundreds of *Twopenny Sermons* about *a Wheel within a Wheel* (no bad Emblem of *Methodiſm*) to a *fanatic Mob*?

FA-

# FANATICAL CONVERSION,

*&c.*

## A SATIRE.

OF visionary *Gifts*, and fancy'd *Grace (a)*,
Pour'd forth on *Saints* who run *Converſion*'s Race *(b)*,

*(a)* They may be from God, or they may not, ſays *J. W—y*, 60, 61.—So again in 5 Jour. 70, where ſome of theſe *Converts* fancied that they *felt* the *Blood of Chriſt* running upon their Arms, down their Throats, on their Breaſts and Hearts. See more, 7 Jour. 32, 33, 94. V. 8 Jour. 7, a Profeſſion of theſe *Gifts* and *Graces*. —See a wild Hymn, 9 Jour. 25.

*(b)* They muſt run all the *Heats* before *Perfection* comes. 3 Jour. 68.—*Satan* hinders their Running ſometimes. 3 Jour. 73.

Where

Where *John*, Dioceſan *(a)* of all *Moorfields (b)*,
*Perfection*'s *(c)* Milk to gaping Sucklings *(d)* yields,
Whilſt my unhallow'd Muſe attempts to ſing,
Aid her, ye Pow'rs, from whom theſe *Fancies* ſpring:
Ye *neighb'ring* Pow'rs of *Bedlam!* aid her Song;
To you theſe *Myſt'ries* and their *Prieſt* belong *(e)*.

*(a)* See the *Love-Feaſt*, a Poem, by the ſame Author, where *Reynard* is *conſecrated*.

*(b)* But a ſcanty Diſtrict for an itinerant Apoſtle, who boaſts that *the whole World is his Pariſh*. 3 Jour. p. 56.—This Inſtance of *apoſtolical Uſurpation* reminds the Author of the following Anecdote, related to him by an eminent Divine of the Church of *England*, who was well acquainted with the late Mr. *Bate*, Rector of *Deptford Pariſh*. —*Pope John* thought fit frequently to *exhort*, *preach*, and even *baptize* there, without Leave from the Rector, who one Sunday Evening paid a Viſit unexpectedly to a certain Lady in that Pariſh, in whoſe Houſe *John* then was, *exhorting*, *praying*, and *preaching*. The Rector, after firſt paying his Reſpects to the Lady of the Houſe (the *Mother* of that little *Iſrael* then aſſembled in that *little Church*), addreſſed himſelf thus to *John*: "My Viſit, Brother *W.* is, in truth, to you —you exhort, you preach, you pray, you viſit the Sick, nay, Sir, you even *baptize* in my Pariſh, and without my Leave. I have hitherto been ſilent, Brother *W.* but it is now high Time to aſk you, Whether you have ever had my Permiſſion for this Kind of *pious Uſurpation* in my Pariſh?"—*John*, with ſome Heſitation and Confuſion, at laſt ſqueezed out the reluctant Monoſyllable, "*No.*"—"Why then, Brother *W.*" ſays the Rector, "the leaſt I can expect (and that I peremptorily inſiſt upon) is, that you acknowledge yourſelf in an *Error*."—*John* ſtammered out—"Sir, I do."—"Well, Brother," replies the Rector, "then what is become of your boaſted *Perfection?*—But one Word more, and I take my Leave: If you continue to carry on theſe pious Works of *Supererogation* in *my Pariſh*, I ſhall moſt certainly *cite* you to anſwer for your *Preſumption* in *Doctors-Commons*.

*(c)* So Madam *Bourignon* calls it in her "*Light riſen in Darkneſs*." Part 4, Let. 22.

*(d)* Such as *Brother Ruſſen*, lately *hanged* for Rapes on Children of ten Years old.—Such as *ſome others*, who ſhall be named in my intended *Fanatic Anecdotes*, which will be ſhortly publiſhed.—The Author could have added the Name of another celebrated Diſciple of *Perfection*, nearly related, by *Affinity*, to the great *Teacher* of this Doctrine; but he is ſaid to be now no more.—Yet the great and good Lord *Lyttelton* has been defamed ſince his Death, as one *denying the Divinity of Chriſt*, &c.—The Author ſcorns to *retaliate* upon his *Perfectioniſt*—He "*wars not with the Duſt.*"—He is glad, however, to hear that another *Suckling* of *Perfection*, the *pious Major W-bb*, preached lately in his *Regimentals* at the *Foundery*, having eſcaped with the Loſs of *one* Eye only from *America*.

*(e)* That theſe Methodiſtic Societies are really *mad*, Brother *W—y* himſelf declares, 3 Jour. p. 1, 107, 108, 76,—where he ſays, "I met the *wild*, *ſtaring*, loving Society."

Ye

Ye Parents of *enthuſiaſtic* Whim,
Who make the Heads of *John's Elected* (*a*) ſwim,
*Hecate* (*b*), *Trophonius* (*c*), and *Pandora* (*d*), join
Your Spirits, and aſſiſt the Bard's Deſign
To trace the *Craft* of *Founderies* and *Locks!*—
*Pandora*, hither bring thy myſtic *Box*;
To *Reynard's* (*e*) Tabernacle lent at laſt (*f*),
Infecting *Converts* with its pois'nous blaſt (*g*);
Whoſe ſtrong Effluviæ (*h*) young and old confound,
And ſtretch the paſſive Virgin on the Ground (*i*);
Chiefly on *Watch-Nights*, or *Love's* annual *Feaſt* (*k*),
When Victims fall before lewd *Murcia's* Prieſt (*l*),
*Celeſtial Impregnation* to receive,
And ſhare thoſe *Gifts* which all who *feel* (*m*) believe:

(*a*) So theſe Saints call themſelves.

(*b*) The Deity of Wizards and Witches.

(*c*) *Trophonius* and his *Brother*, celebrated Impoſtors of Antiquity.

(*d*) The Story of her and her Box of Miſchiefs is well known.

(*e*) Of this pious Character ſee more in the Author's "Sketches for Tabernacle-Frames, Love-Feaſt, Perfection," and his other *Fanatic Satires*.

(*f*) Having firſt ſerved the Purpoſes of *Paganiſm*, *Montaniſm*, *Mahometaniſm*, *Popery*, and *Fanaticiſm* in general.

(*g*) Seven or eight dropped down *dead*. 5 Jour. 77.

(*h*) Read 16 Jour. p. 4 to 9.

(*i*) For Females in ſuch delicate Attitudes, ſee *J. W—y's* Journals throughout.

(*k*) Theſe Feaſts are held much oftener;—but there is one grand *annual Carnival*, as celebrated in the Author's Poem called the *Love-Feaſt*.

(*l*) See the *Love-Feaſt*, a Poem.

(*m*) Theſe *inward Fruits* of the *Spirit* muſt be *felt*, ſays *J. W—y*. 3 Jour. 71.—Theſe, ſays he, are *very ſenſible Operations*. Ibid.

*Gifts*, which *Pandora* long on *Saints* conferr'd
Ere *Whitefield*'s *(a) Will o' Whiſp* miſled his Herd:
*Gifts*, which in earlieſt Times, as Heſiod ſung *(b)*,
From *Hermes (c)* came——a *glib*, *deceitful Tongue*,
*Wheedling*, and *Tricking*, *Impudence*, and *Lyes (d)*,
And *Subtlety*, with half-cloſ'd, owliſh Eyes *(e)*.
Theſe are the conſtant *Tabernacle-Tools*;
Unerring Springes ſet by *Knaves* for *Fools*.
*Sinleſs Perfection* from theſe Seeds firſt ſhot;
Bleſt Doctrine! which its Preacher choſe by *Lot (f)*.
No mortal Muſe, *unaided*, well I ween,
Can juſtly paint that bleſt, diſtracted Scene,
Where Saints, *poſſeſs'd*, like dancing Atoms move,
Some drunk with *Hope*, ſome agoniz'd with *Love*
*Seraphic* (*g*)---whilſt in Torments others roar,
By *Satan* ſcourg'd, or faſten'd to the Floor (*h*);

*(a)* *J. W—y* has his *Will o' Whiſp* too. See how it led *J. Dudley* through Quick-ſets, Ditches, Bogs, Sloughs, &c. 8 Jour. 52.

*(b)* See his *Operum & Dierum*.

*(c)* *Hermes*, or *Mercury*, contributed to ſtock *Pandora*'s Box.

*(d)* V. Inſtances of each. 13 *Jour.* 86-7. 88-9.—15 Jour. 21-2, 30, 5 to 19, 41, 42.—14 Jour. 81, 82.—16 Jour. 87, 88.

*(e)* This is neceſſary when *Miracles* are to be worked. 5 Jour. 86.—*Then* they are *preſent with the Spirit*.

*(f)* *J. W—y* is for ever conſulting the *Bible*, as *Heathens* conſulted *Oracles*, by *Lot*.—The old *Lyciæ Sortes*. V. 3 Jour. 14.--2 *Jour.* 7, 8. *N.B.*---2 Jour. 31, 33.—3 Jour. 9, 12, 69.---4 Jour. 80.---2 Jour. 69, 81, &c.---Thus fanciful Schoolboys conſult the *Sortes Virgilianas*.

*(g)* *W—y's* 3 Jour. 19.—very *picturesque!*—Theſe *Saints* "know no Man *after the Fleſh*." 3 Jour. 74.

*(h)* *Satan* may do what he pleaſes; but that Huſband who confines his *mad* Wife in *Bedlam*, is abuſed for taking away *John's Convert*. 4 Jour. 53, 54.

A *Pandæmonium* of the *F---d'ry* make,
Feel *fancy'd* Flames, and Chains *ideal* ſhake (*a*);
Laugh, cry, diſplay what Modeſty ſhould hide (*b*);
Now boil with Rage; *becalm'd* (*c*), again ſubſide;
Now ebb (*d*), now flow, as *Prieſtcraft* rules the Tide.
Theſe *Mad-folks* (*e*) foam, rant, caper, and curvet,
Flame, ſhiver, tremble, dance, chaunt, rave, and fret;
Not as the *Moon*, that Miſtreſs of the Seas,
Exerts her Sway, but as their Leaders pleaſe:
Now *high*, now *low* (*f*), grave, gay, depreſs'd, or light,
Juſt as *Perfection* makes the Maggot bite;
Now, *ſin-ſick*, fall at their *Apoſtle's* Feet;
Now curſe that Tongue whoſe Doctrines once were ſweet (*g*);
Now, wafted to the Sky on *Fancy*'s Wing,
To golden Viols *Hallelujahs* ſing;

(*a*) V. *W*—*y*'s 3 Jour. 92, 93.

(*b*) 3 Jour. 57, 64.

(*c*) Under the Influence of *Calm Addreſs*. 3 Jour. 48.

(*d*) For theſe *Ebbings* and *Flowings* v. what *W*—*y* ſays even of himſelf, 1 Jour. 66, 67, 70.---3 Jour. 11, 12, 16, 60, 78.---2 Jour. 27.---4 Jour. 67, 69.---1 Jour. 63, 46.

(*e*) Such *inſane* Perſons have more of the real Power of God in them, ſays *J. Weſley*, than Perſons who are in their *Senſes*. 13 Jour. 97, 98.

(*f*) When the *Claſſes* are *examined*, the general Queſtion is, "*Brother*, or *Siſter*, how do you *find*, or *feel* yourſelf?"—Anſw. "Very *low*—very *happy*—quite *bleſſed*—quite *loſt*," &c.—as the Maggot bites.

(*g*) 3 Jour. 94.

Now,

Now in ſteep Gulphs of flaming Sulphur roll *(a)*,
And dare *Omnipotence* to damn their Soul *(b)*.

Aid me, *Timarchus* (*c*), if thy Tongue can find
Words to deſcribe this Chaos of the Mind:
What once you ſaw in deep *Trophonian Cave*
(Reviv'd anew where *Reynard*'s Mumm'ries *ſave*)
Relate at large *(d)*---*John*'s *perfect* Syſtem yields
A Counterpart of Gullery in *Moorfields*.
*Trophonius* had his *Cave*---now *Fraud* deceives
*Inſanity* in *Reynard*'s Den of *Thieves*.
Are theſe Terms harſh?---Judge me, ye few, who go
To *Tott'nham-Court*, *Moorfields*, or *Pimlico* (*e*),
With Brains *untouch'd*---*Chapels*! *(f)*---they're *Dens* and *Caves*,
Where ſmall Diſcernment may diſtinguiſh *Knaves*;

*(a)* "I feel the Fire of *Hell*," ſays one.—"I have a *Fire within me*," ſays another. V. 5 Jour. 83.— 3 Jour. 95.—"I burn! I burn!" (5 Jour. 83) "in as much Pain as if I had been in a fiery Furnace."

*(b)* 3 Jour. 93, 95. V. *Hymn*, v. 23. 4 Jour. 117. "Doom, *if thou canſt*."

*(c)* One who viſited *Trophonius*'s Cave, as Plutarch relates.

*(d)* Note, gentle Reader, that theſe Viſions in *Trophonius*'s Cave are not to be compared with thoſe which are daily ſeen by *Foundery Converts*, viz. *a Sight of our bleſſed Lord, from the Manger to the Croſs—a clear Repreſentation of our bleſſed Lord, as crowned with Thorns, and cloathed with the purple Robe.* 14 Jour. 87.

*(e)* Formerly called *Little Sodom*, now *Groſvenor Place*—How far changed let *Simon Magus* anſwer—Changed from *Sodomy* to *Simony!*

*(f)* *Fanatic Leaders* now affect to call their Conventicles *Chapels*.

Who,

Who, like *Trophonius*, in a liſt'ning Age,
(As *Reynard* now,) on *Reaſon* dare to wage
*Fanatic War*.---Such Arts have ever prov'd
Their Pow'rs on Minds from *Reaſon* (*a*) far remov'd.
*Ign'rance*, too credulous, for *Knowledge* flies
To *Fraud*, adoring all her *ſacred Lies*;
With fond Belief her tempting Hook receives (*b*),
And takes that Bait the firſt which moſt *deceives*.
*Trophonius*, thus, proud of *fraternal Aid* (*c*),
On *Farce prophetic* founded *Reynard*'s Trade:
A *Cave* he dug *at all his Flock's Expence* (*d*),
As *Saints* build *Chapels* now, with Zeal's Pretence;
In *Truth*, to cheat *Converſion*'s dazzled Sight,
And ſcreen *Impoſture* in the Veil of Night.
Under *Trophonius* Prieſtcraft was not blind,
Tho' forc'd, at firſt, to take her Tythes *in Kind*:

(*a*) N. B. *Reaſon* is an Enemy to *Methodiſm*; for *J. W—y* tells us, that Converts, who have already ſeen the *Light*, often *reaſon* themſelves into *Darkneſs* again. V. 5 Jour. 47.---4 Jour. 17.---8 Jour. 35.

(*b*) See this Hook well baited for *fanatic Gudgeons* in *J. W—y*'s Letter, 13 Jour. 85—88.

(*c*) For *Trophonius* had a *Brother* too—Every *Subtle* muſt have a *Face*. See *Johnſon*'s *Alchymiſt*.

(*d*) *Founderies* are built in the ſame Manner *now-a-days*. 5 Jour. 66, 67.—13 Jour. 102.

Now in ſteep Gulphs of flaming Sulphur roll *(a)*,
And dare *Omnipotence* to damn their Soul *(b)*.

Aid me, *Timarchus* (*c*), if thy Tongue can find
Words to deſcribe this Chaos of the Mind:
What once you ſaw in deep *Trophonian Cave*
(Reviv'd anew where *Reynard*'s Mumm'ries *ſave*)
Relate at large *(d)*—*John*'s *perfect* Syſtem yields
A Counterpart of Gullery in *Moorfields*.
*Trophonius* had his *Cave*---now *Fraud* deceives
*Inſanity* in *Reynard*'s Den of *Thieves*.
Are theſe Terms harſh?---Judge me, ye few, who go
To *Tott'nham-Court*, *Moorfields*, or *Pimlico* (*e*),
With Brains *untouch'd*---*Chapels*! *(f)*---they're *Dens* and *Caves*,
Where ſmall Diſcernment may diſtinguiſh *Knaves*;

(*a*) "I feel the Fire of *Hell*," ſays one.—"I have a *Fire within me*," ſays another. V. 5 Jour. 83.—3 Jour. 95.—"I burn! I burn!" (5 Jour. 83) "in as much Pain as if I had been in a fiery Furnace."

(*b*) 3 Jour. 93, 95. V. *Hymn*, v. 23. 4 Jour. 117. "Doom, *if thou canſt*."

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Bleſſing for *Food*, the Glutton knew no Stint---
But ſhe grows plumper now from George's *Mint (a)*:
Since *Sin* yields plenteous Crops of ſterling Coin,
*Fraud* feaſts on richer Viands than *Sirloin (b)*.
Once, at her Shrine whoe'er had aught to ſay,
With Lambs, Hogs, Kids, and Oxen, pav'd their Way:
Whole Hecatombs ſurcharg'd the ſav'ry Spits;
*Jove* took the Offal, *Prieſts* the luſcious Bits.
Inſtead of Sacrifices, *Penance (c)* now,
And full *Confeſſion (d)* under *Reynard*'s Brow,
(Smooth, or ſevere, as *Converts* ſcorn, or *kiſs*,) *(e)*
Prepare the Way to ſweet *Converſion*'s Bliſs.
*Perfection* then plays off a *treble* Part,
And, like *Gerard (f)*, probes *Virtue*, *Purſe*, and *Heart*.

*(a)* Swallowing Sops of 10l. and 100l. at a Time, by Way of *Gratification*, as Father *Foigard* ſays. V. 10 Jour. 135. —5 Jour. 67. (9 Jour. 48, a Queſtion well put.)—Yet in the Year 1756 the *Saint* found himſelf *in Debt* by *Preaching* and *Printing* 1236l. 10 Jour. 76.—*Out of Pocket* by *Quackery* too. 7 Jour. 3, 4.

*(b)* N. B. *J. W—y* ſays the beſt *Milch Cows* are in *Ireland*. 16 Jour. 23. —True! How did you find them in the Family of the *Landys* there? —Quarum pulcherrima *Deïopeia*.

*(c)* 3 Jour. 95.—5 Jour. 83.—4 Jour. 97, and the Caſe of the Farmer and his Wife ſubmitting to Stripes and Purgation by Fire and Water.

*(d)* For the Courſe of *Methodiſtic Confeſſion*, v. *W—y's Plain Account*, p. 18.—clear *papiſtical* Examinations.

*(e)* No uncommon Thing at the *F—ndery*. See *Perfection*, a Poem. V. 7 Jour. 52 —Nay, the great Apoſtle himſelf was once maliciouſly perſonated by *Satan*, who kiſſed all the Women there, in the holy Man's Shape.

*(f)* An *old Jeſuitic Confeſſor*, who deprived Miſs *Cadiere*, his Convert, of her *Virtue*, her *Peace* of Mind, and her little *Property*, by one and the ſame *Calm Addreſs*.

In

In *Reynard*'s Notion *this* is much the worſe
When *that* has nought, or little, to diſburſe *(a)*.
*Poor* Converts, who to *Bedlam-Popes* confeſs,
Find *Sin* more dang'rous as their *Means* grow leſs;
Nor *Soul*'s nor *Body*'s Sacrifice alone,
Without *Perfection*, can for Crimes atone:
Tho' Off'rings gratify the *Prophet*'s Taſte,
The Hand that feeds him muſt be *pure* and *chaſte (b)*;
Each *Convert*'s Heart as white as Snow be ſeen,
And ev'ry Luſt perform its *Quarentine (c)*.
Thus purify'd *(d)*, with reverential Feet
*Trophonian* Dupes their Oracle intreat;
At the *Cave*'s Mouth await his Smile or Frown,
Till Whirlwinds hurl their tortur'd Bodies down *(e)*.
There, (ſtrange to tell!) unpacify'd with Gore
Of human Prey, a thouſand Lions roar.

*(a)* Then theſe Impoſtors ſay that *the Love of many is waxed cold.* 3 Jour. 60.

*(b)* "God deliver me from *Half-Chriſtians!*" ſays *J. W—y.* 3 Jour. 31.

*(c)* Converts to *Methodiſm* undergo a State of Probation, Purification, and Purgation, before they are received into the pure Societies.

*(d) J. W—y* mentions one whom God is *purifying in the Fire* for beating his Wife, who ran after his Preaching, 4 Jour. 97.

*(e)* See juſt ſuch a Picture of a *Foundery Convert* in a *Trance*, 5 Jour. 82. "I was," ſays the *Convert*, "as if I was juſt falling down from the higheſt Place I had ever ſeen—*I thought the Devil was puſhing me off*," &c.

Aſtounded

Aſtounded and amaz'd the *Convert* lies,
Or elſe in *ſympathetic* Roar *(a)* replies.
Lo! forked Light'nings flaſh, and flaſhing ſhew
*Prophetic Dragons (b)*, horrid to his View,
Wreathing their Lengths along the livid Ground,
And threat'ning *Death* till ſome *apt Bait* is found.
Then, pleas'd as *W-ſ--y*, cramm'd with all they lack,
They crouch whilſt *Colliers* ſtroke 'em on the Back *(c)*.
The *Serpents* thus of each *fanatic Shop*
Dart forth their Stings, till they receive their *Sop (d)*;
Then gorge the Bribe, and lick their Donor's Feet,
Allay their turgid Horrors, and retreat.
Thro' Darkneſs palpable the Pilgrim ſteers
His Way, convuls'd with agonizing Fears;
Sudden Vertigos ſeize his throbbing Brain *(e)*,
And keen Vibrations lengthen nervous Pain *(f)*;
Prophetic Saws his tingling Ears aſſail,
Burſting in Thunders from the myſtic Veil *(g)*.

*(a)* *Sympathy* is a favourite Point of Philoſophy with ſome *Fanatics*. V. 3 Jour. 42, 44, 46, 50, 58, 59.—4 Jour. 37.

*(b)* See *Suidas*—Pauſanias—Plutarch—Philoſtratus' Vita Apollonii Tyanæi—— Compare 3 Jour. 19, a Scene almoſt as frantic and *viſionary*.

*(c)* V. 5 Jour. 93.

*(d)* Such pious Benefactors receive full Aſſurance of Heaven.

*(e)* See a ſimilar Picture, 5 Jour. 82.

*(f)* 3 Jour. 19.

*(g)* Which concealed the oracular Impoſtors *Trophonius* and his *Brother*.

Then

Then whirld'd aloft the *Viſionary (a)* flies,
Upborne on *Fancy*'s Wing to purer Skies *(b)*;
There, diſembodied, on elaſtic Gales,
Like Goſſamer, reclines, or lightly ſails.
At length, in Form enlarg'd, in Senſe refin'd,
Again he hears his *Prophet* in the Wind *(c)*,
Whiſp'ring ſweet Comfort as he floats beneath,---
Soft (*d*) as when Zephyrs on the Violet breathe:
O'er his charm'd Senſe the Tones melodious ſteal,
And make th' enraptur'd Soul *Elyſium* (*e*) feel.
Thus o'er th' Æolian Lyre (*f*), with wanton Sweep,
Th' inſpiring Gales in am'rous Murmurs creep:
Thus languiſhingly breathes the magic Flute *(g)*,
Or ſweet *Cremona* ſoften'd by a *Mute*,

*(a)* See how *J. Weſley* treats *Viſions* and *viſionary* Writings of *others*. 15 Jour. 84. —Read *his own*, 15 Jour. 5 to 19.—16 Jour. 87, 88.

*(b)* In ſuch Trances theſe mad Converts fancy themſelves in *Heaven*, though they are ſtill on Earth. 16 Jour. 83. i. e. whilſt they are *walking* (as they call it) upon the Wings of Love. V. 6 Jour. 49.—See a well-invented *Viſion* of this Kind, 6 Jour. 140 to 145.

*(c)* See a *Foundery* Viſionary of the ſame Caſt, 10 Jour. 90.

*(d)* V. Poor Man's Spiritual Inſtructor, p. 54. —A Saint's *Call* in *a ſtill ſmall Voice, or rather no Voice at all*. V. 12 Jour. 127.

*(e)* *Methodiſts*, when they are not a Cup too low, talk largely of theſe *Feelings*.—*J. W—y* ſpeaks *feelingly* of a Convert's *feeling* the Loſs of a young, robuſt Huſband, 5 Jour. 56.

*(f)* Commonly called Æolus's Harp.

*(g)* In the ſame Key, perhaps, as *J. Weſley*'s *Serenada* to the wild Beaſts of the Tower. 13 Jour. 104; or like his *aerial Muſic* when his *Ghoſts* appear. 15 Jour. 10. —16 Jour. 88.

When *Florio*'s or *Giardini*'s Efforts move
The yielding Soul, and melt it into Love.
The Vot'ry hence receives a *ſecond Birth (a)*,
No more he crawls a Reptile on the Earth (*b*):
Where'er he turns his elevated eyes,
New Scenes enchant; reſplendent Iſles ſurprize;
The bleſſed Manſions of a promis'd Sky,
Shifting their beauteous Colours as they fly:
But when he caſts his frighted Eye below,
He views a deep Abyſs of endleſs Woe *(c)*;
A Chaos, where, in utter Darkneſs, *Pain*,
*Deſpair*, and everlaſting *Terror*, reign:
There *Guilt* and *Guile (d)* in Flames eternal dwell,
And ſuff'ring Souls in laſting Torments yell.
Yet ſome, defil'd *above*, when on the Verge
Of Fate, at once *regenerate* emerge.

*(a)* Similar to modern enthuſiaſtic *Regeneration.*

*(b)* A faithful Copy this from a fine Painting by *J. W—y.* V. 3 Jour. 83. "Is not this *Heaven?*" ſays one of his Converts. "Surely I cannot be upon *Earth* ſtill?" —She was in *Heaven*, ſays *John*, though on *Earth.* V. 8 Jour. 77, 78. 5 Jour. 27.

*(c)* See this terrible Scene beheld by one of *J. Weſley*'s Viſionaries, though wide awake, 8 Jour. 78; and by another in a Trance, 11 Jour. 60.—See *Swedenborg*'s Treatiſe on Heaven and Hell, full as frantic and incredible as *J. Weſley*'s Journals, tranſlated for the Uſe of *Foundery Saints.*

*(d)* Not *Methodiſtic*, but *Moravian*; not *Weſleian*, but *Zinzindorffian* Guile. V. 5 Jour. 67.—6 Jour. 151, in the Note there.—7 Jour. 4, 110.—8 Jour. 65.—4 Jour. 111, 114.—*Clodius* accuſat Mœchos.

Fires

Fires purify and heal *Sin*'s ulcerous Sore,
They riſe a ſecond Time to *ſin no more (a)*;
Or, ſhould they *fall* again, each future Stain
*Corporeal* with the *Body (b)* ſhall remain,
Still unimparted to the guiltleſs *Soul:*
Tho' *that*'s corrupted, *this* ſhall ſtill be *whole (c)*;
Quitting its loathſome Priſon, take its flight,
And *ſinleſs* ruſh into the Realms of Light.

*Prefigur'd* thus, in Times when *Fraud* was young,
*Hypocriſy* employ'd her Arts and Tongue;
An *Harpy* then of no great Strength or Size,
But now (ordain'd in *W-ſ--y*'s Age to riſe
On bolder Wings, try'd by no *Fiend* before)
For *Food* ſhe watches at the *Found'ry* Door.
By *Suction (d)* pamper'd, where a Leak ſhe ſpies
In pious Skulls, her pois'nous Lips ſhe plies,

(*a*) 3 Jour. 84.—Sund. 23.

(*b*) *George David*, and other enthuſiaſtic Impoſtors, taught, and ſtill teach, this comfortable Doctrine.

(*c*) There is Corruption, it ſeems, in the *old Man*, but not in the *new Man*. V. 2 Jour. 74.—4 Jour. 84, 81.

(*d*) Her Syren-Throat is the pious *Vortex* for *Bank-Notes*. V. 10 Jour. 135.—This is *ſucking* the Brains of Fools with a Witneſs, 5 Jour. 67.—This is *Milk without Money*. 3 Jour. 39.

Preparing *Lambs (a)* for what falſe *Paſtors* tell 'em,
By draining *Cerebrum* and *Cerebellum*.
Behold this Peſt obſcene wild war commence
With *Virtue*, *Truth*, *Simplicity*, and *Senſe (b)*;
In ſpite of *ſound Religion*, force her Way,
And make of *Ignorance* an eaſy Prey *(c)*;
Defile the pureſt Fountains *(d)* with foul Stains,
And turn a *tolerating* Nation's Brains!

Borne from the Earth on cherubimic Wing,
Of *modern Converts* now the Muſe ſhall ſing *(e)*.
*Hecate!* thou Daughter of black Night and Hell,
By whoſe dread *Plant (f)* ſo many Victims fell

*(a)* So God's People (the *Methodiſts*) call themſelves.—Their *Claſs-Leaders*, often old Women, prepare young Converts. Among other ridiculous Queſtions, the Author himſelf has heard this aſked, viz. "*Doſt thou believe that it is in our Power to ſave thee?*" "Yes," ſays the Convert, "as far as one human Creature can ſave another."

*(b)* All four injured by *Methodiſm*:—*Virtue*, on *raviſhing* Watch-Nights, and Love-Feaſts—*Truth*, by wreſting the Goſpel to ſelfiſh Ends—*Simplicity*, by miſleading harmleſs, innocent Novices—*Senſe*, by a daring Inſult on human Underſtanding.

*(c)* "Men, Women, and Children hung upon me." 5 Jour. 83.—This Fact (if Fact) demonſtrates the *profitable* Effect of that *charitable* Doctrine of *Methodiſts*, that a *natural* Man (i. e. before the *new Birth*) has not ſo much *Faith* as a *Devil*. V. 5 Jour. 87.—This is a *Trap* well baited for the *Rabble*. See the Girl at her Spinning-Wheel. 5 Jour. 89.—See the wild, ſtaring *Colliers* Children, 5 Jour. 90, *ready to ſwallow J. W—y.*

*(d)* The holy Scriptures.

*(e)* Thus far the Author has diſplayed *Trophonian* Converſion, as analagous to *Fanatical* Converſion at *Founderies*, *Tabernacles*, &c.: now he proceeds to preſent his Readers with its Counterpart in the preſent *Methodiſtic* Syſtem of *pious Gullery*.

*(f)* The Plant *Leucophyllus*, ſacred to *Hecate*, driving People to Madneſs, frantic *Confeſſions* of Sins, &c.

At

At *Pagan* Shrines; thy *Herbs* (*a*), but too well known
To us, are now the *F---d'ry-Med'cines* grown:
*Herbs*, which, infus'd in *Prieſtcraft*'s magic Cup (*b*),
To *Madneſs* drive ſuch Proſelytes as ſup.
Elſe whence ariſe thoſe loud tumultuous Yells (*c*),
Which ſhake at Midnight all the *F---d'ry* Cells?
Genius of *W-ſ--y!* prompt me while I ſing,
And to my Mind thy wond'rous *Legends* bring:
Open that *Chaos*, rude and wild, to me,
Where *Lies*, like jumbled Atoms, diſagree;
To ev'ry ſtriking *Caſe* (*d*) my Eye direct,
Whilſt *Truth*, and *Evans* (*e*), teach me to detect
Egregious *Sophiſtry*, beneath the Veil
Of *Piety* conceal'd.—Each ſpecious *Tale*,

(*a*) Such as the *Helicacabon* and *Datum*, and ſome other Species of the *deadly Nightſhade*, mixed by *Cheats* and *Impoſtors* (as Naturaliſts tell us) in Meats and Drinks; throwing ſome into *Stupefaction*, *Melancholy*, *Sighing*, *Sobbing*, *Groaning*, *Raving*; others into *Fits of inceſſant Laughter*; and ſtimulating others to indecent and *laſcivious* Inclinations, Attitudes, and Actions. By theſe *pious* Stratagems have *Virtue* and *Property* been often ſucceſsfully attacked and violated.—*Philtres*, thus *drugged*, may ſtill be as prevalent on *Watch-Nights*, and at *Love-Feaſts*, as they uſed to be at the ſacred Myſteries of *Hecate*, where no *ſinleſs Perfection* was pretended.

(*b*) At Love-Feaſts.—A *reformed* Methodiſt Preacher declared this ſolemnly as a *Practice*, to the Author.

(*c*) 3 Jour. 51.—5 Jour. 10, 11, 33.

(*d*) In *fanatic Journals*, whether miraculous, or *invented*; natural, or ſupernatural; diabolical, or divine; magical, or viſionary; *phyſical*, or fanciful; true, or *falſe*.

(*e*) The Reverend Mr. *Caleb Evans*, who ſome little Time ago publiſhed a well-known Tract called *Sophiſtry Detected*, never yet anſwered.—A *Lie*, once *proved* and *fixed*, muſt deſcend with the *Liar* to the Grave. "Hæret Lateri *lethalis Arundo*."

O! that my Pen, like *Caleb's*, could defeat,
And ſtage to public Scorn a *public Cheat!* (a)
O'erthrow that *wooden God* whom mad Folks truſt,
Compos'd of *mean Ambition* (b), *Craft* (c), and *Luſt* (d);
From maſk'd *Impoſture's* Viſage tear the Crape (e),
And ſhew a *Wizard* (f) in his proper Shape!
Till then, ye *Bedlamites*, let *Converts* roar
In Concert with yourſelves——rejoice, deplore,
Toſs, tumble, caper, when their Fleſh rebels,
And play more Tricks than *Fools* at *Sadlers-Wells* (g);
Wild, ſtupid, ſtaring, not convinc'd of Sin (h),
Charm'd, ſtunn'd, and *cut*, with Nonſenſe, Noiſe, and
---*Gin* (i);

(a) Who, like his Brother *Edmonds*, puts Darkneſs for Light, and Light for Darkneſs. 4 Jour. 49.

(b) Elſe why were Forty Guineas offered to *Eraſmus*, a mock Biſhop of Acadia, to make a certain *Foundery Apoſtle* a Biſhop?—Yet v. 13 Jour. 114.

(c) Remember the Story of the married Woman's 30l. Note, and her Huſband's Brace of Piſtols, *John!*

(d) Let Mr. *D——d* produce the *Letters* mentioned in the Poem called *Perfection*. *Concupiſcentia* nunquam *ſeneſcit*. V. 14 Jour. 24, 25, 107.

(e) ————Scit te Proſerpina *canum*;
*Perſonam* Capiti detrahet illa tuo.——V. 10 Jour. 37.

(f) Some fanatic Leaders have a very favourable Opinion of *Witchcraft*. V. *J. W—y's* 8 Jour. 104-5, commending *Glanvill* on *Witchcraft*, and partly *believing* his abſurd Stories.

(g) Though a Playhouſe is the *Devil's Hot-Bed*, yet *Saints* will ſometimes ſubmit to preach there. V. 9 Jour. 81.—Then, ſays *John*, *God* took Poſſeſſion of *Satan's* Ground.

(h) V. 5 Jour. 82.

(i) V. Frontiſpiece to the *Fanatic Saints*, a Satire.—*Gin* is a great *Inſpirer*.

Shall

Shall friſky *Terentilla* firſt appear,
A *Saint* when diſtant, and a *Strumpet* near,
With all *Perfection*'s Virtues amply curſt,
Replete with *Grace*, with *Lewdneſs* almoſt burſt? *(a)*
Shall ſhe, an angry Saviour to appeaſe,
Mercy implore *with Coats above her Knees?* *(b)*
Stripp'd into *Buff*, incur no *Heathen*'s Scoff,
But ſeize on *Chriſt* with all her *Fig-Leaves* off? *(c)*
Diſguſting *Penitence!*---The Muſe muſt turn
Her Eyes from Sights that make old *Reynard* burn---
In vain;---for now, plung'd in the Vale of Years,
Luſty *Aſſiſtants* wipe off pious Tears;
And wanton *Magdalens*, in deep Deſpair,
For *Abſolution* to *young* Limbs repair *(d)*.
Thus 'tis the Huſband once of ev'ry Wife
Still ſins by *Proxy* in the Eve of Life *(e)*.

*Sword of the Spirit!* *(f)* how didſt thou diſplay
Thy Pow'r, and to *Converſion* cut thy Way,

*(a)* *J. W—y* declares his *Lambs* are *hot*. V. 12 Jour. 50.
*(b)* V. 3 Jour. 51, 64.
*(c)* See this ſweetly *pious* Picture, 10 Jour. 98.
*(d)* Like the *Landlady* of the Inn at *Alnwick* between *two* of theſe Saints, 13 Jour. 110, 111.
*(e)* Some fooliſh fanatic Leaders brag of their great Influence over *married* Women. 13 Jour. 89.
*(f)* See what Havock *this Sword* makes, *W—y*'s 3 Jour. 42, 62, 63.—But, for a full, ſurfeiting Meſs of *Converſion*, truly *fanatical*, read 11 Jour. from p. 41 to 74.

When

When, driv'n from *Reynard's* Lips, *Conviction*'s Blaſt
Thro' ev'ry Soul's divided Marrow paſs'd!
Zeal's Fermentation quicken'd all the Maſs,
And mark'd each liſt'ning *Convert* for an *Aſs* (*a*).
Little ſuſpecting whence the *Magic* came,
Convulſive Paroxyſms ſhake their Frame:
Here weakly Heads in ſudden Conflict meet,
There *Sympathy* (*b*) improves the well-plann'd Cheat;
*Lambs* in ſweet Notes, which *Cerberus* might own,
Yell, ſnivel, roar, rave, howl, blaſpheme, and groan (*c*);
Tremblings, and Quakings, Swoonings---all laid flat,
Scenting *Hell* ſtrong, though none can ſmell *a Rat* (*d*).
Do *Heathens* aſk, Whence come theſe *Agitations*,
Theſe frantic Spaſms in Heav'n's *choice* (*e*) Congregations?
Why ſuch is ev'ry *Convert*'s ſad Condition?
I anſwer,---" *John*'s Prieſt, Wizard, and Phyſician (*f*):

(*a*) See *J. W—y*'s Account of an *Aſs* who ſtalked gravely into his Conventicle, and attended to his Harangue for a conſiderable Time. 13 Jour. 58, 59.—A Figure truly emblematic; for *Pliny* takes this ſerious Animal to be a great *Viſionary*, from his kicking ſo much in his Sleep.

(*b*) *J. W—y* ſpeaks much of the Power of *fanatic Sympathy* in his Journals.

(*c*) 5 Jour. 51, 72, 55.--N.B. A decent, attentive, *quiet* Congregation offends *J. W—y*. 5 Jour. 78.—See this *Diſtraction* accounted for, 5 Jour. 91. V. 11 Jour. 42, 44, and the Journals throughout.

(*d*) A Cant-Term for ſmelling out a *knaviſh Trick*.—One of *John*'s Audience did, however, cry out, *Blind John!* V. 13 Jour. 19.

(*e*) The *Choſen*, *Elect*, &c. are names which theſe preſumptuous *Fanatics* give themſelves.

(*f*) As a *Wizard* and *Exorciſt*, v. 3 Jour. 95, 86.—As *Phyſician*, v. 3 Jour. 83.—5 Jour. 33, 53.—6 Jour. 146, 157.

Starv'd

Starv'd *Bodies* (*a*) with apt *Noſtrums* he controuls,
And with worſe Phyſic ſtupefies their *Souls*.
Hence ſuch ſtupendous *Caſes*---ſome devis'd,
Few real, moſt falſe, yet duly *journaliz'd*;
In *methodiſtic* Order printed fair,
And ſold near *Bedlam* to make Madmen ſtare.
His *ipſe dixit* Credit muſt enſure,
Who cauſes the Diſeaſe *(b)*, and *ſells* the Cure *(c)*:
His Maſter *Loyola*'s *(d)* old Game, "who knew,"
Like *W-ſ--y*, "*thoſe with whom he had to do* (*e*)."
Thus, *Ambo-dexter*-like, *John* raiſes Wealth *(f)*,
A *Quack (g)* in Sickneſs, and a *Peſt* in Health.
His Liſt of *Cures* exceeds the Puffs of *Rock* (*h*):
*Simon* (*i*) can't ſhew *John*'s Equal at the *L-ck*.

(*a*) See *Faſting* and Prayer preſcribed, 5 Jour. 33.—Again, Faſting and univerſal Self-Denial, 10 Jour. 19.—To a poor Woman and her two Children, half ſtarved, *John* gives a Handful of *his Pills*, 10 Jour. 77.

(*b*) ——————Ignem, cujus Scintillas ipſe dediſti,
Flagrantem latè et rapientem cuncta videbis.——*Juv.*

(*c*) Our Author's *Reynard* actually travels about the Country with his *Quackery* of Pots and Bottles in his *Carriage*.

(*d*) *Ignatius Loyola*.

(*e*) So ſays *J. W—y*, 5 Jour. 67:—"I wonder any Man ſhould judge him to be an *Enthuſiaſt*—No—*He knew the People with whom he had to do*"—ſpeaking of *Ign. Loyola*.

(*f*) Like his Brother *J. W—y*, 10 Jour. 135.

(*g*) 7 Jour. 3, 4, 28, 34, 54.

(*h*) The well-known Dr. *Rock*.—Several fanatic Leaders *puff* as well. See *W—y*'s *Puffs* of himſelf, written by himſelf, 14 Jour. 125.—3 Jour. 70, 71-2-3-4, 96, 97, and throughout his Journals.—5 Jour. 78, 81, 86.—6 Jour. 107.—7 Jour. 123. "No Patient ever died under my Hands."

(*i*) See *Simon*'s Character—*Fanatic Saints*, and *Love-Feaſt*; Poems, by the Author of this.

In his well-manufactur'd *Legends* ſee,
How *Impoſitions* with ſome Sects agree;
How *Miracles*, with *Nature* ſet at Odds,
Now ſeem the *Devil*'s Workings, and now *God*'s *(a)*,
As *Craft* its well-fix'd Wires at Pleaſure pulls,
Op'ning or cloſing Sutures in *ſoft Skulls (b)*.
Elſe how ſhou'd Crowds, with one electric Shock,
Their addled Pates againſt the Pavement knock? *(c)*
Why, in an Inſtant, Health be ſnatch'd away,
Pulſes ſtand ſtill, and Fleſh be turn'd to *Clay*? *(d)*
Why, at this Moment, ſturdy *Saints* be found
Erect; the next, extended on the Ground?
Now chaunting *Hymns*, with Mouths expanded wide;
Now, with *lock'd Jaws*, laid proſtrate Side by Side?
Why ſhou'd ſome feel ſharp Swords (*e*) aſſault their Bowels,
And ſome their Entrails torn with Rippon Rowels?
Like mad Folks pinion'd in ſtrait Waiſtcoats bawl,
Or like chaf'd Lions roar in *Weavers-Hall? (f)*

(*a*) V. 11 Jour. 84, 85.—3 Jour. 59, 60, 61, 66 twice, 68.—See a pretended *Convert*'s Letter, written by *J. W—y* to *J. W—y*, no doubt—theſe pious Tricks are all fair. V. 3 Jour. 62, 63.—This is the common Trick of all *Quacks*, temporal and ſpiritual. 3 Jour. 89.—V. alſo 5 Jour. 85-6-7.—A ſtrange *Dæmoniac!* V. 5 Jour. 91, very curious. V. 11 Jour. 52, *expreſs*.

(*b*) Theſe Converts pretend to feel the very Sutures of their Skulls open and cloſe in their frantic Fits.

(*c*) 3 Jour. 50, 44.—11 Jour. 42, 44, 46.

(*d*) 12 Jour. 226.

(*e*) 3 Jour. 27, 68.—5 Jour. 91.

(*f*) V. 3 Jour. 62.

But

But ſoft!---Methinks I hear *John*'s wheezing Throat,
Defending thus the *Wonders* he has wrote:
" How can ſuch *Miracles* proceed from *Notion*? *(a)*
" Can *Fancy* ſtop the *periſtaltic* Motion?
" *Conceit* may make a *W-ſ--y*, or a *Tate (b)*,
" But can't depreſs you with *Five Hundred Weight (c)*.
" *Conceit* can't cholic Hundreds in a Group,
" As if they all had ſwallow'd *Powel*'s Soup *(d)*."

To this, the Author, not convinc'd by *Lies (e)*,
With due Submiſſion to the *Saint* replies:
Dreadful the Storm 'twixt *Righteouſneſs* and *Sin!*
When *Lent* forbids the ſtopping Chinks within *(f)*,
And to the moving pious Jaws cries---*Fie!*
Unleſs when ſtretch'd to hymn, preach, pray,---or *lie (g)*.

*(a)* 5 Jour. 81, 86.

*(b)* According to Mr. *Pope*, *nine* ſuch Poets as *J. W—y* make a *Tate*.—They are both of them *Weavers* of *Hymns*.

*(c)* V. 5 Jour. 91.

*(d)* The noted Fire-Eater, who boiled up various Combuſtibles, which he fairly ſwallowed by Way of *Soup*. V. 5 Jour. 91.

*(e) Lies*—a favourite Term with *Father Weſley*, who tells you in his Journals, more than once, that ſuch a Day he heard a Sermon (from one of our Clergy) ſtuffed with improbable *Lies*, &c.

*(f) J. Weſley*'s mad Folks are only cured by *Faſting* joined with *Prayer*. 14 Jour. 37.

*(g)* This Language cannot be thought *groſs*, becauſe it is applied to the Clergy of our Church by Saint *W—y* himſelf, 5 Jour. 87, 88, who, notwithſtanding his foul Mouth, declares that he *durſt not rail* at any Man, 3 Jour. 76.——N.B. *Lying* is Cauſe of *Expulſion* among *Methodiſts*; 5 Jour. 93.—Who would think it?

Then

Then pent-up Winds the rack'd Abdomen wring,
And *Converts*, *grip'd*, toſs, tumble, flounce, and fling (*a*).
Inflated thus the *Pythian Prieſteſs* writh'd,
When through her Lips the God tumultuous breath'd:
Not *mad* (*b*), but with a *ſacred Flame* inſpir'd (*c*),
Like *W-ſ--y*'s, all her ſwelling Boſom's fir'd.
Then drunken (*d*) *Myſt'ry* utter'd Truths divine,
And bold *Impoſture* reel'd within the Shrine.
By *Hypocrites* from Fools thus Coin's ſtill wrung:
*Myſt'ry*'s the Trap; the Bait, a *lying Tongue.*
But when to *Myſt'ry* baneful *Phyſic*'s join'd (*e*),
The *Conſtitution*'s weaken'd like the *Mind*:
When Dupes by *Falſehood*'s Doctrines are perplex'd,
By pois'nous *Drugs* and *Prieſtcraft* doubly vex'd,
Then who can wonder, when lewd *Philters* (*f*) work,
That *Miracles* beneath *Impoſture* lurk?

(*a*) See a Caſe of this Kind, 5 Jour. 33.

(*b*) No Perſons really *mad* are, or can be, conſcious of their Diſorder. Accordingly, *Brother W-ſ--y* ſays, 1 Jour. 68, "I am not *mad*, though I thus ſpeak." V. 3 Jour. 45.—Ibid. 63, 66, 45.

(*c*) V. *W—y*'s 4 Jour. 96.—3 Jour. 56.—6 Jour. 53, the *Holy Ghoſt* comes down. So again 7 Jour. 57.—And in his *Letters* he ſays, "The Place was *rent* by the Power and *Preſence of God.*" 1 Jour. 34.—2 Jour. 7.—4 Jour. 52.

(*d*) The Prieſteſſes of *Apollo* uſed to chew their Maſters *Laurel*, the Juice of which is intoxicating.—Thus *Juvenal* ſays of his mad Poet,—"Laurumq; *momordit.*"

(*e*) Theſe Fanatics often practiſe both Phyſic and Divinity. V. 9 Jour. 5.—8 Jour. 98, 99, where *J.* and *Charles Weſley* (like Popes) ſuſpend a Brother from *preaching* and practiſing *Phyſic*. V. *Sketches for Tabernacle Frames.*

(*f*) At Love-Feaſts.—See the *Love-Feaſt*, a Poem.

The

The Virgin then, o'erpower'd, her Spirit feels
Too riggiſhly inclin'd to keep her Heels (*a*).
Then through pure Mouths laſcivious *Devils* call
For Men, and *Saints* in Expectation fall:
*Perfection* makes 'em ſupple as a Glove,
And ev'ry *Convert feels* the *Stamp of Love* (*b*);
Neither *imperfect*, *ſinful*, or *unbleſs'd*,
But by *Satanic* (*c*) *Impulſes* impreſs'd.
Thus, like an *Incubus* (*d*), by Day and Night,
*Satan* rides *Converts* (*e*) out of helliſh Spite:
And though the *Fiend*'s Compreſſure chance to yield
Fruit at *nine Months* (*f*), *Perfection* is *Fraud*'s Shield;
Defending at all Points its *ſinleſs* Knight,
It ſcreens him from Men's Eyes in pious Fight,
Contriv'd as well for *Uſe* as for Parade,
For *carnal* and *ſpiritual* Cruſade.

(*a*) *J. W—y* does not love *ſtill* Siſters (V. 5 Jour. 88),—eſpecially at 16 or 17.

(*b*) The *Phraſe* of the *perfect Foundery*, (16 Jour. 103,)—and the *Practice* too.

(*c*) 11 Jour. 52.

(*d*) *George Whitefield* ſpeaks much of the frequent Oppreſſions of this *Incubus*, or *Satan* in the Form of the Night-Mare, riding him. V. Account of God's Dealings.—Sometimes it rides the Female Converts. V. 5 Jour. 86.

(*e*) *Satan* leaps upon one of *J. W—y*'s Converts, and rides her in open Day-Light. 9 Jour. 16.

(*f*) See *Claudia*'s Story, in *Perfection*, a Poem.—The Author's intended *fanatic Anecdotes* will ſhortly afford more Relations of the ſame Kind.—Time, Place, Perſons, and *credible*, *undoubted Witneſſes*, ſhall be mentioned without Reſerve.

" Fine Raillery! (*a*)" quoth *John*; " exceeding ſmart!
" This Bard aſſaults me both in *Tierce* and *Cart*:
" But never yet cou'd Fear appal the *Juſt*;
" *Saints* are well taught to parry ev'ry Thruſt.
" *Caſes* there are, which Slander can't defame,
" Though bent to wound a *Prophet*'s (*b*) ſacred Name;
" *Caſes*, where Calumny no Credit draws,
" Though back'd by *Caleb Evans*, *Hill*, or *Hawes* (*c*);
" Caſes *miraculous* (*d*), which none deride
" But thoſe who ſet ev'n Goſpel-Truths aſide (*e*),
" And *Inſpiration* take for *Fancy*'s Force,
" Ev'n though *one Thought* (*f*) ſhou'd cure both Man and Horſe;
" Nay, though a favour'd Child of the *New Birth*
" Shou'd Mountains move, or ſhake the well-pois'd Earth (*g*);

(*a*) See what a Talent at *Raillery* the inoffenſive Mr. *J. W—y* himſelf has againſt what *others* call Religion, 5 Jour. 35, 25, 26, 37.—V. p. 42, where *J. W—y*, being the beſt mounted of the two, rides a poor Parſon down to rail at him.—V. alſo 5 Jour. 86, where he ſneers at an *unphiloſophical* Parſon:—5 Jour. 87, 88, gives the *Lie* to another Clergyman.

(*b*) Some *fanatic Leaders* aſpire to this Character. 5 Jour. 122.

(*c*) To theſe Gentlemen the Author's *Sketches for Tabernacle-Frames* are dedicated.

(*d*) 3 Jour. 49, turning *Lions* into *Lambs*, aſſerted by *J. W—y*; and (what is ſtranger ſtill) converting *Scolds* into *ſilent* Women. 5 Jour. 50.

(*e*) Thus *Fanatics* argue. 12 Jour. 94, 95.

(*f*) Thus a *Thought* brings *W—y* fine Weather and a *Guide* in a dark tempeſtuous Night. 4 Jour. 69.---Another *Thought* cures his Horſe of a Lameneſs, and himſelf of a Head-Ach, at the ſame Inſtant. V. 6 Jour. 125.---Another *Thought* ſtrikes Light out of Darkneſs in the Middle of Penruddock Moor. V. 8 Jour. 9, 10.

(*g*) V. 3 Jour. 48.---The wildly-pious Madam *Bourignon*, another Preacher of *ſinleſs Perfection*, was alſo another *Shaker of the Earth*.

" Balance

" Balance the *Globe* as eaſy as a Twig,
" And play with *Nature* like a Whirligig.
" Who can gainſay when *Sympathy* appears?
" Will *Heathens* then diſtruſt their Eyes and Ears?
" Diſcredit all the Evidence of *Senſe*,
" And, tho' they ſee *plain Facts*, cry out---*Pretence!(a)*
" *Fraud!* --- *Stratagem!* ---mere *Prieſtcraft!* ---magic Art!---
" To milk the Pocket, and miſlead the Heart?---
" *Electric* Pow'rs ev'n Fools who *feel*, believe (*b*):
" Did clear *Perception* ever yet deceive?
" And ſhou'd not ev'ry *Sceptic* be content,
" When *Senſe* affirms approv'd *Experiment*?
" Can Pangs *ſuſtain'd* from airy *Viſion* ſpring?
" Do *Feelings (c)* ſport, like *Dreams*, on *Fancy*'s Wing?
" Shall *Unbelief* our Hearts for ever ſteel?
" Deaf, blind, and dead, to what we hear, ſee, *feel?*" *(d)*

From *Pagan* Lips no Anſwer will ſuffice:---
Againſt *John*'s *ſelf*, *John*'s *ſelf* oppos'd ſhall riſe.

(*a*) See this very Mode of reaſoning, to guard againſt a Surmiſe of *Diſſimulation*, in *W*---*y*'s 4 Jour. 22, 23.---3 Jour. 43, where a *Phyſician* (not naming him) acknowledges the *Finger of God*. 3 Jour. 49, 50, 59.----V. 5 Jour. 86, where a Parſon cries out, The Devil! The Devil! and runs away.---V. 12 Jour. 95.

(*b*) 7 Jour. 32.---The *Foundery* Saints are particularly fond of *Electrification*, which their great Phyſician, *J. W*---*y*, adminiſters among other *Quackeries*. 10 Jour. 79.

(*c*) The moſt infallible of all Proofs, ſays *J. W*---*y*, 1 Jour. 64.—See 5 Jour. 86, where he *feels* himſelf plunged into cold Water.

(*d*) See this Kind of Argument, 3 Jour. 49.

When

When Blows once ſhook the Teeth in *W-ſ--y*'s Head,
Againſt *Perception*'s Senſe what *Madman* ſaid
Such Batt'ries (though the very Blood they drew)
Were yet *unfelt*?---Say, *Reynard*, was it *you*? *(a)*
Thus *Feelings* are by *Saints* ſometimes *deny'd (b)*,
And then (for weighty Reaſons) *magnify'd*.
But what if Scores of Fools at once are found,
Kicking and ſprawling on enchanted Ground? *(c)*
What if, in pent-up Air, and ſultry Weather,
Stew'd, faſting, phyſick'd, wild Birds of a Feather
Break Rules of Decency *(d)* and *Wind* together?
Though Virtue *Satan*'s Force in vain reſiſts,
And prurient *(e)* Matrons turn *Ventriloquiſts (f)*;

*(a)* 5 Jour. 72, 119.

*(b)* *Infallible*, 1 Jour. 64.---*Fallible*, 3 Jour. 60.

*(c)* V. 3 Jour. 50.---The Slaughter Scene in *Tom Thumb*, where one tumbles over t'other---*Glaucumq*; *Medontaq*; *Therſylochumque*----All the Street was in an Uproar. V. 11 Jour. 41, 42, 43, 44, 68.

*(d)* V. 3 Jour. 51, 64.

*(e)* V. 4 Jour. 37, 38, where *J. W—y* ſpeaks of this Kind of unſeemly *Burning* in Female Converts as *irreſiſtible*, and gravely quotes his *Text* for it.—But, notwithſtanding theſe *pious Foundery* Quotations, there are no ſuch *Bedlam* Scenes of Converſion, no ſuch *Stripping-off of Fig-Leaves*, to be found in the *New Teſtament*. They may be found, indeed, in *Ribadeneira*'s Lives of the Popiſh juggling Saints, in *Wierus*'s Hiſtory of Witchcraft, in *Bonaventura*'s Legends, and *Orlando*'s Hiſtory of the Jeſuits, from whence a great Part of our *Methodiſtic Journals* are moſt certainly *ſtolen*. In ſhort, the *Devil* and *J. W—y* may ſay, with equal Truth,

"Quæ Regio in Terris *noſtri* non plena Laboris?"

*(f)* Innumerable Inſtances throughout *J. W—y*'s Journals exhibit his Female Converts as *dæmoniacal Ventriloquiſts*; one third of them being poſſeſſed *within* by a ſpeaking *Devil*. V. 3 Jour. 30, 31, 94, 95.— And in 9 Jour. 58, *John* ſays that *E. B.* frequently ſpoke as if ſhe was *another Perſon*.

To

To ſlander *Nick*, play Pranks that want a Name,
And on th' inconſcious *Dæmon* (*a*) throw the Blame;
Yet, from clear Cauſes when ſuch ills ariſe,
Can Epilepſies, Cholics, Spaſms ſurprize?
*Satan* may well his Thouſands thus attack,
When *Soul* and *Body*'s phyſick'd by a *Quack* (*b*).
Thus *ſympathetic* Caſes are reſolv'd,
And *Nature* in no *Miracle* involv'd (*c*).

JOHN.] " *Miraculous*, or not, yet *Facts are Facts* (*d*),
" Whether a *good* or *evil* Spirit acts:---
" Agonics, Anguiſh, all the Pains of *Hell* (*e*),
" Groans, Tremors Tortures, ſure, for *Facts* may tell.
" *Swords of the Spirit* (*f*) here inflict a Wound,
" There, Thunder-ſtruck, whole *Claſſes* (*g*) ſtrew the Ground;

(*a*) All *Carnalities* among *Fanatics* are conſtantly imputed to the overpowering Influence of that malicious Fiend *Satan*, who is for ever betraying them into ſuch *Sins* as they are fondeſt of.

(*b*) V. 9 Jour. 79.—*J. W—y* cures a Hurt of 45 Years ſtanding. 8 Jour. 57.—3 Jour. 95.—5 Jour. 33.——See *Satan* afraid of *J. W—y*'s Phyſic, 5 Jour. 86. (6 Jour. 53.) Ibid. 146.—7 Jour. 3, 4, 28, 34, 54, 123.—*J. W—y* cures a Cough of 60 Years ſtanding.

(*c*) *Fanatics* will not admit theſe *Fits*, &c. to be *natural*. 3 Jour. 95, 59, 66, 68.—5 Jour. 53, 81, 86, 91.

(*d*) 3 Jour. 49.—5 Jour. 81.—7 Jour. 123.—See *J. W—y*'s Faith in this Reſpect, 8 Jour. 23.—12 Jour. 94, 95.

(*e*) One in the Belly of Hell, 3 Jour. 40.—Pains of Hell, ibid. 61, 93, 92.

(*f*) *W—y*'s 3 Jour. 40, 42, 43.

(*g*) See this Kind of kicking up, toſſing, tumbling, rolling, &c. in numberleſs Parts of *Weſley*'s pious Journals.

" Here Scores with gnaſhing Teeth encounter Death,
" And there *Extatics*, ſtruggling, gape for Breath (*a*);
" In other Parts, Pangs, Yells, and Screams affright,
" And guilty *Converts* ſhun deteſted Light;
" By Turns in ſtrong Convulſions laugh and cry,
" And from black Conſciences in Horror fly.
" Theſe biting *Satires* then let Bards relax:
" *Break not the bruiſed Reed, nor quench the ſmoaking Flax (b).*"

Poet.] 'Tis *Magic (c)* all---What Wizard can enſure
In ſuch Varieties of Ills a Cure?
What *Incantation*'s *(d)* potent Spell?---What Witches,
With Popiſh Reliques arm'd, or *Becket's Breeches?* (*e*)
Vain Thought!---To pious Profelytes Hope yields
One bleſt Ray ſtill, which glimmers from *Moorfields*:
There each Affliction lays its Burthen down,
Some cur'd for *Sixpence*, ſome for *Half-a-Crown (f)*;

(*a*) 11 Jour. 42.

(*b*) This Text is commonly applied by *Methodiſts* to thoſe *Pagan Unbelievers* who oppoſe their abſurd Doctrines, and diſcredit their pretended *Inſpirations*: all ſuch they brand with the odious Name of *Perſecutors*. 5 Jour. 48.

(*c*) *J. Weſley* believes in *Witchcraft*, &c. 15 Jour. 5, 105.

(*d*) See where one of *J. W—y*'s *Hymns* ſilences a Mob. 3 Jour. 53.

(*e*) Saint *Thomas a Becket*'s.

(*f*) Some of theſe vagrant Preachers do not *aſk* for Money (V. *J. W—y*'s 7 Jour. 85),—but they *receive* Money. How elſe can *J. W—y* account for his refunding a Thirty-Pound Bank-Note, received from a married Woman, upon the Production of a Brace of Piſtols? How elſe for the late City-Marſhal's Story? V. 10 Jour. 135.

Ev'n

Ev'n *Poverty*, with but *one Mite* to pay,
In *Charity* (*a*) ſhall not be ſent away (*b*).
Thus, at cheap Rates, *Health* and *Salvation*'s ſure;
Thus *Chriſt*'s Apoſtles now *abſolve* and *cure*,
With Preaching, Pray'r, *Drugs Primitive* (*c*), and Pſalm (*d*),
But moſt of all with true *Perfection's Balm*.
*This* rear'd the *ſinleſs Ruſſen* (*e*), who ſits high
Enthron'd with *Chartres* (*f*) in the *Stygian Sky* (*g*).
O! may this *Amulet* preſerve the Neck
Of future *Ruſſens*, *W-ſ--ys*, *Cl--ke* (*h*), and *P-ck* (*i*)!
*Perfection*'s the Reward of ev'ry Saint,
Who in *Converſion*'s Trial ſcorns to faint (*k*):

(*a*) How univerſal muſt that Saint's *Charity* be, who can ſay, that a *natural* Man has no more *Faith* than a *Devil*, if ſo much? V. 5 Jour. 87.

(*b*) *W—y* declares he forgives thoſe who *cannot pay* him for preaching, (3 Jour. 39.)—yet juſt before profeſſed to preach *gratis* (V. ibid. Sund. 8)—and in 10 Jour. 135, receives a Sum of 10l. for preaching.

(*c*) See a Treatiſe on *Primitive Phyſic*, by a fanatic Preacher.——See *Sketches for Tabernable-Frames*, a Poem.

(*d*) V. *W—y*'s 3 Jour. 92, 93, 96.—5 Jour. 45, where *John* ſings Pſalms in the Streets.—11 Jour. 61.—12 Jour. 94.

(*e*) N.B. According to *J. W—y*, *Infirmities* are no *Sins*—*Rapes* are *Infirmities*. V. 1 Jour. 69.——N.B. This *Ruſſen* was lately hanged for Rapes on Children ten Years old, a Schoolmaſter, and Methodiſt Preacher.—*Methodiſts* are not born to be *drowned*. V. 6 Jour. 157-8.

(*f*) The celebrated Colonel *Chartres*, of moſt infamous Memory.

(*g*) An humble Imitation of *Juvenal*'s Conſecration of that wicked Emperor *Claudius*——

——Tremulumque Caput *deſcendere* juſſit
Ad Cœlum———

Going *downwards* to Heaven.——No *Iriſh Bull*, gentle Reader.

(*h*) (*i*) Preachers who have driven their unfortunate Hearers to *Suicide* and *Madneſs*.

(*k*) So preached and wrote Madam *Bourignon*, as well as our modern *Perfectioniſt*, *J. W—y*.

*Perfection*

*Perfection* teaches human Pride to riſe,
And madly *claim* a Manſion in the Skies (*a*);
Puts a poor Reptile on an equal Line
With *God*, and makes weak Creatures all divine (*b*).
*Sinleſs* as *Chriſt* are *perfect* Saints below (*c*);
Into cloſe Union with their God they grow (*d*):
The *Servants*, like the *Maſter* (*e*), pure and juſt,
Are Parts of him who rais'd them from the Duſt.
Sure of the Race (*f*), Heav'n's *Fav'rites* get the Start (*g*);
Pure are their Eyes, but purer ſtill their Heart.
*Converted* once, on Seraphs Wings they ſoar (*h*);
However impious, they can *ſin* no more (*i*):
No future Aid from *Scripture* they expect (*k*),
But walk as *W-ſ--y*'s ſacred Lips direct (*l*);

(*a*) 3 Jour. 18.

(*b*) 4 Jour. 68.

(*c*) 4 Jour. 48, 83.—10 Jour. 93, 94.

(*d*) 4 Jour. 48.

(*e*) May not the *Servant* be perfect as the *Maſter?* Theſe Saints cry, they are *ſure* of it. 10 Jour. 94.—4 Jour. 81.

(*f*) 5 Jour. 29, 43, 72, 73.—4 Jour. 53.—3 Jour. 47, 80.

(*g*) 5 Jour. 53. —*Sure* of Forgiveneſs.

(*h*) 3 Jour. 19.

(*i*) V. 3 Jour. 42.

(*k*) *W—y*'s 4 Jour. 66, 80.

(*l*) Inliſting into *Societies* under his Banner, conſulting him as *Phyſician*, *Divine*, and *Lawyer*. 11 Jour. 26, 27, 87.

In

In *full Aſſurance of Salvation* die (*a*),
And all the Pow'rs of *Heav'n*, and *Hell*, defy (*b*).
Hence *perfect Converts* the ſlow Minutes count,
On *Feaſts*, and *Watch-Nights*, when young Paſtors (*c*) mount;
And, 'till th' expiring Tapers waſte away,
Diſſolve in *Hymns*, and madden whilſt they *pray*;
Impatient wait to catch *Conviction*'s Spark,
And long to *feel Perfection* in the *Dark*.
For this, *deluded Wives* tythe Huſband's *Bills* (*d*),
And *preaching Taylors* live on plunder'd *Tills* (*e*).
*Apt Texts* Encouragement to *Theft* afford;
" *A chearful Giver's pleaſing to the Lord* (*f*).

(*a*) 3 Jour. 42.—See the Caſe of the *Foundery Thief*, 7 Jour. 102; and many others, 5 Jour. 27.

(*b*) 5 Jour. 27.—N. B. *J. W—y* himſelf thus *deſies* his Maker, (4 Jour. 117,) in a *pious* Hymn:

" Doom, *if thou canſt*, to endleſs Pains,
" And drive me from thy Face."

V. 13 Jour. 56.

(*c*) Upon theſe *moſt ſolemn* Occaſions, ſeven or eight *preaching Lubbers* (Carpenters, Coblers, Tinkers, Taylors, &c.) mount the Roſtrum one after another, and hold forth ſometimes till the Morning-Star appears, eſpecially at the Preaching-Houſes in the Country.

(*d*) Remember the Caſe of the *City-Marſhal's Wife*; and the Caſe of the 30l. Note and the Piſtols, alluded to already.—*J. W—y* brags of his Influence over *married* Women. 13 Jour. 89.

(*e*) Maſters Tills, plundered by *pious* Shopmen and Apprentices, for building *Chapels*, and feeding vagrant Preachers;—a Fact too well known in the City of *London*, and too often felt.

(*f*) This Text is for ever quoted by rooking Methodiſt Preachers, to excite *Liberality* among their Flock.—As they cite it for their own Purpoſes, the Author retorts it *ironically* upon them for his—the honeſt Purpoſe of ſatirizing *Knaves*. Let no Chriſtian truly pious be offended.—See the Caſe of *Mary Cheeſebrook*, a Woman of Pleaſure, much praiſed for this Kind of Liberality to *vagrant Preachers*, 7 Jour. 34.

The *Bedlam Prophet* hence collects his *Tolls*,
And, fed by *Rapine* (*a*), in his Chariot rolls (*b*).
*Beauty*, ſometimes (*c*), keen *Avarice* reſtrains,
And *Virgin*-Spoils content the *Paſtor*'s Pains:
At *Beauty*'s Coſt 'twould ſhock an *Arab*'s (*d*) Senſe
To take his *Tythes* at once in *Kind* and *Pence*.
Till wanton *Converts* mellow into Years,
Moſt *Leaders* hold it right to lull their Fears,
And with ſoft Lips wipe off repentant Tears:
But *aged* Souls may take a fatal Turn,
If, after *Thirty*, they preſume to *burn*.
*Stale Meſſalinas* ſhou'd be flea'd alive;
*Confeſs* and *Pay*'s the Word at *Thirty-five*:
Convinc'd of Frailty, *Vice* muſt *then* begin
To make *full Compoſition* for *foul Sin* (*e*).
In *Beauty*'s Prime a Wench may read Romances,
From *Vice* glean *Virtue*, and indulge her Fancies;

(*a*) Collected from *pious* Wives, pilfering Servants, &c. as already hinted.

(*b*) 15 Jour. 36, "My *Servant* and my *Carriage*."—*Field-Preachers* at firſt were too meek and humble to ride even on *Horſeback*.

(*c*) This was probably the Caſe in the Cork-Cutter's Family in *Fenchurch-Street*. See *Perfection*, a Poem.

(*d*) A wild *Arab*.—Theſe Children of *Rapine* form their *Banditti* too, as well as thoſe *fanatic Raparees*, called *itinerant Field-Preachers*—as well as their *Maſters*, the ſhrewd *Preſbyters* of crafty *Founderies*.

(*e*) According to the Reverend Dr. *Cantwell*'s Doctrine in that excellent Comedy the *Hypocrite*, who ſays, "It may be lawful to turn the *Wages of Abomination* to the Comfort of the *Righteous*."

But, on the Cheek when Marks of *Age* intrude,
And *Sappho* grows diſguſting when ſhe's *lewd*,
To *Aſſignation* ev'ry *Lubber*'s (*a*) deaf:
The *Roſe of Sharon* bears no *yellow* Leaf.
When *Lewdneſs* ceaſes to excite Deſire,
Theſe *Men of God* abſolve their Flock for *Hire*;
And friſky *Converts* muſt be *born again* (*b*),
When *Leaders* feel their Overtures are *vain*:
Till then, the Sexes ſhou'd together rove,
And, unreſtrain'd, indulge *promiſcuous Love* (*c*).
In *Procreation* lies much Chriſtian Merit:
*This H-ll* (*d*) ſupports with true *Weſleian* Spirit.
Sinleſs *Bourignon* (*e*) this ſound Doctrine preach'd:
At length its Comforts to *Old Bedlam* reach'd.
Numberleſs Vouchers *Reynard*'s *Chances* (*f*) bring:
He never dips but Demonſtrations ſpring

(*a*) Every vagrant preaching *Lubber* from *Founderies*, as *Brother Rowland Hill* juſtly calls them.

(*b*) Hear Mrs. *Cole*, in *Foote*'s Farce of the *Minor*, upon *Regeneration*.

(*c*) *J. W—y* applauds *Jane Muney* for oppoſing the Order that *unmarried* Men and Women ſhould have no Intercourſe. 4 Jour. 95.

(*d*) For this curious Saint, ſee *J. W—y*'s 7 Jour. p. 36, 49 to 53. ——Alluded to in this Poem, p. 12, Note (*d*).

(*e*) *Antonietta B.* of *Liſle*; an enthuſiaſtic Preacher of *Perfection*, and of the promiſcuous Uſe of Women.

(*f*) On dipping into the *Bible*, by Way of *Lottery*, as mentioned before. V. 2 Jour. 31, 33.—3 Jour. 9, 12, 69.—4 Jour. 80, and a thouſand other Places.

In

In ev'ry *Lot*, to ſhew that Heav'n deſign'd
All Males and Females ſhou'd produce *their Kind (a)*.
From this ſweet Doctrine flies that am'rous Spark
Which lights the *Found'ry Tinder* in the Dark;
At Midnight (*b*) raiſing *Bacchanalian* Screams (*c*),
Whilſt Virgins are debauch'd in *fainted* Dreams (*d*).
In ſuch lewd *Orgies* what found Brain can trace
The ſlighteſt Shades of *new-found Light*, or *Grace?*
Such Scenes in Brothels *Carnivals* produce;
Such at *Moll King*'s (*e*), when Bells toll'd *One*, broke looſe *(f)*:
Such frantic Scenes, like neighb'ring *Bedlam's*, ſhew
*John*'s Proſelytes fit *Converts* for *Monro (g)*.
Nor can theſe furious Storms be well allay'd,
Till yielding *Saints* are pregnant *Sinners* made;

(*a*) *Satan*, well knowing that *ſome Saints* pique themſelves upon putting every Point of their *pious* Theory in *Practice*, at one Time, in a moſt unfriendly Manner, perſonated the *Apoſtle* of the *Foundery*, and made dreadful Ravages among the female Converts; as ſhall be related in my *fanatic Anecdotes*.

(*b*) At this witching Time of Night, *W—y* ſays his Tribes find *peculiar Bleſſings*. 5 Jour. 35.

(*c*) *W—y*'s 5 Jour. 35.—4 Jour. 51, 52.

(*d*) Nay, ſometimes *Satan* leaps upon a devoted Convert in broad Day-Light, whilſt ſhe is wide awake. 9 Jour. 16.

(*e*) A *Mother in Iſrael*, ſtill remembered in *Covent-Garden*.

(*f*) Theſe Uproars continue till paſt Three in the Morning. 3 Jour. 21, 50.

(*g*) See *W—y* very angry with a Parſon for not being of the ſame Opinion—it ſhewed his Want of *Philoſophy*. 5 Jour. 86.——It ſeems the Parſon ignorantly thought it was the *Devil*, and not Madneſs. ——*W—y* is forbid *Bedlam*. 8 Jour. 26.

Till

Till *John*'s Exorcists (*a*), arm'd with *Tarquin*'s (*b*) Pow'rs,
Dispense their *Grace* in fructifying Show'rs,
And on *Dæmoniacs (c)*, like Magicians, rush
With Spells which, *nam'd*, would make *Half-Christians* blush (*d*).
On Females *Satan* most delights to fix (*e*),
As Objects fit for *topsy-turvy* Tricks *(f)*:
He makes 'em tumble, rave, kick up, and quaff
The well-drugg'd Bowl (*g*), then burst into a Laugh (*h*).
*Satan*'s a Dæmon full of Freak and Whim (*i*);
He laughs at *Saints*, and they, in Turn, at him (*k*).
Such frantic Fits of Laughter seize the *Tribe* (*l*)
Sometimes, as puzzle *Reynard* to *prescribe* (*m*):

(*a*) These Popish Conjurers are used in Methodism. V. 3 Jour. 95.

(*b*) The Ravisher of *Lucretia*.

(*c*) N.B. The *Devil* in the *Possessed* generally speaks and acts, and not the Possessed *himself*. V. *W—y*'s 3 Jour. 92, 93, 94, 95.—5 Jour. 86.

(*d*) Who think *Methodism* a Delusion. V. *W—y*'s 5 Jour. 45, 46.—3 Jour. 44, 31.

(*e*) See *Wesley*'s Journals throughout.—So in Monasteries all egregious Deceptions were played off upon the *Women*, as the weaker Vessels;—on *married* Women, 13 Jour. 89.

(*f*) 3 Jour. 51, 64.

(*g*) Love-Philtres at Love-Feasts.

(*h*) 3 Jour. 94, the Devil laughs twice at *J. Wesley*.

(*i*) (*k*) (*l*) See both Parts of *God's Dealings* with *George Whitefield*, as well as his and *W-s--y*'s *Journals*.——See a *Tete-à-Tete* Conversation between *J. W—y* and the *Devil*, 3 Jour. 30, 31, 94.—The Devil bursts into a Horse-Laugh at *Wesley*. V. 4 Jour. 37.—The Flock and *J. W—y* and his Brother so seized with Laughter that they could not sing Psalms. V. ibid. 38. ——See a most astonishing Case of a *Dæmoniac*, 9 Jour. 57 to 59. —11 Jour. 62.—13 Jour. 38 to 43.

(*m*) In his *physical* Capacity—like *J. W—y*. 13 Jour. 113.

Certain Prognoſtics of a *Mind diſeas'd*
With *Saints*---who never laugh becauſe they're *pleas'd* (*a*),
Like *Heathens*; but, like *Stoics*, numb each Senſe,
Proud of that Badge of Apathy,---*Pretence* (*b*).
To *Horace* ſuch *Fanatics* were well known,
Who laugh with Jaws they cannot call *their own* (*c*).
Arch Wag!---Like *Juvenal*, he took their Cue,
And held their *Follies* up to public View.
What *Follies* from ſatyric Eyes are ſcreen'd?
*Cotytto*'s (*d*) Saints, like *W-ſ--y*'s, had their *Fiend*,
Who made their *Patients* laugh and cry by Fits;
Mere *Engines*, without *Freedom* (*e*), *Will*, or *Wits*.
*Saints* never laugh, or ſmile, by Choice (*f*); tho' Chance
Oft writhes their Muſcles with Saint *Vitus' Dance*.

(*a*) But only involuntarily, on the Impulſe of *Satan*. 4 Jour. 37, 38.—11 Jour. 43, 59, 63.--*J. Weſley* makes a Reſolution never to laugh. 2 Jour. 10.

(*b*) 4 Jour. 51.—7 Jour. 5, 6.

(*c*) Malis ridentem *alienis*. HOR. Sat. Lib. II. Sat. iii. v. 72.—*Sardonic* Laughter, or St. *Vitus*'s Dance.

(*d*) The Goddeſs of Debauchery and Impurity. She had her Prieſt too, her Crine Senex *Fanaticus* albo. See *Juv.* Sat.—How deſcriptive of a certain modern *fanatic Figure!*

(*e*) The Doctrines of *Freedom* and *Neceſſity* have been learnedly debated lately between Mr. *Weſley* and Mr. *Toplady*.

(*f*) V. *W—y*'s 2 Jour. p. 10,—where he makes a ſolemn Reſolution never to laugh,—no, not for a Moment;—yet he broke it when he ſaw one of his Fellow-Labourers in the Vineyard in Bed between two *Iriſh* Proſtitutes.—Time, Place, and Witneſſes, ſhall be mentioned in the Author's intended *Methodiſtic Anecdotes*.—Hence it appears that *J. W.* is a *Trophonian*—One who has been in *Trophonius's Cave* never ſmiles again. V. 3 Jour. 74.

By

By *Pallas* thus afflicted, when repuls'd,
*Penelope*'s mad Suitors were convuls'd (*a*).
Thus with *Sardonic* Laughter burſt the Sides
Of *Saints*, when *Sol* in madd'ning *Leo* rides (*b*);
Or, when the *Dog-Star* rages---Then that Fiend,
Call'd *Satan*, buffets *Saints* but *newly wean'd (c)*:
As yet ſcarce reconcil'd to *W-ſ--y*'s *Pap*;
Tott'ring and ricketty, tho' full of *Sap*.
When that once turns to *Pith*, theſe holy *Scyons*
Wax ſtrong: "*The Righteous then grow bold as Lions (d)*."
Then, by the *Devil* when they're gib'd and jeer'd,
Sharply they ſeize him by the Horns, or Beard (*e*);
In his own *Lingo (f)* treat th' *infernal Hound (g)*,
And make him, like a Bully, quit his Ground:

(*a*) V. Hom. Odyſſ. ϒ. v. 345.

(*b*) Stella *veſani* Leonis. HOR.

(*c*) Theſe little *Tendrils* are borne on the *Sides* of *Chriſt*, and dandled on his *Knee*. Count *Zinzindorff*, the *Moravian* Biſhop, in his 33d Hymn, calls them, in the *Namby-Pamby* Metre,

"*Chickens bleſſed*,
"*And careſſed*,
"*Little Bees on Jeſus' Breaſt*."

(*d*) Then they fear neither *Man* nor *Devil*. V. *W—y*'s 1 Jour. 67.—6 Jour. 160.

(*e*) Thus *literally* (inſtead of *figuratively*) *wreſtling* or *ſtruggling* with *Satan*, as the *Saints* call it.

(*f*) A very vulgar Corruption of the Word *Language*, well known, and ſometimes uſed, by the *itinerant preaching Vagrants* from the *Conventicle*.—*Satan* abuſes *W—y*, 3 Jour. 93, 95.

(*g*) Theſe *Saints* (as the facetious Mr. *Foote* ſays, in his *Devil upon Two Sticks*) treat their poor Devils very ill —they abuſe them cruelly. V. *W—y*'s 3 Jour. 79, 92. —Both Mr. *W-ſ--y* and Mr. *Whitefield* call the Devil *hard Names—Dog of Hell—Fool*, &c.—then, too proud to bear Contempt, he *ſneaks off*. 3 Jour. 92.

*Out-*

*Out-fac'd* (*a*), brow-beaten, cow'd by Taunts and Scoff,
With Tail between his Legs *Old Nick* ſneaks off (*b*).
Staunch *Saints*, whoſe *Arms are ſtrengthen'd* (*c*), will rebuff
His *Stygian Highneſs* with a Kick, or Cuff (*d*);
For Incantations have been often try'd
In vain---Theſe Dæmons *hymning* Saints deride (*e*),
Lock up their Jaws ſo faſt they cannot wag,
Or, whilſt they're quav'ring, check 'em with a *Gag* (*f*).
No more they chaunt, but with a Cat-like *Purr*,
Petition *W-ſ--y* to extract the *Burr*;
For when *leſs* Devils pious Victims ſeize,
A *greater* Devil drives 'em out with Eaſe (*g*).
In *Witchcraft*'s Science this one Rule is ſure;
The ſtrongeſt Wizard works the greateſt Cure (*h*).
Thus *Zinzindorff* (*i*) the Devil cou'd abaſh,
And put to Flight, with his "*Shemhamphoraſh* (*k*):"

(*a*) By that *flinty Face* which *Saints* pray for, and generally enjoy. V. Poor Man's Spiritual Inſtructor, p. 54. —3 Jour. 27.—5 Jour. 28.

(*b*) 3 Jour. 94, 95.

(*c*) 15 Jour. 64.

(*d*) *Satan* bruized under Foot. 3 Jour. 88.

(*e*) 3 Jour. 92, 93.

(*f*) Saints *gagged*. 3 Jour. 68.—5 Jour. 78.—V. God's Dealings with *Whitefield*.

(*g*) 3 Jour. 94, 95, 93.—5 Jour. 74-5, 86.

(*h*) The *Devil* could not ſtand at all againſt *J. W—y*. V. 4 Jour. 37, 57, 60, 69, 82.—3 Jour. 91.—5 Jour. 86.

(*i*) Count Z. the *Moravian* Biſhop, once *J. Weſley*'s Boſom-Friend, till he ſtole his old *Cuſtomers*.

(*k*) See Count Z.'s 59th Hymn:

"No Angel is ſo bold and raſh,
"But quakes at thy *Shemhamphoraſh*."

One

One Word from him *Hell*'s Magic cou'd confound;
*Spells* were diſſolv'd, and Saints *poſſeſs'd* unbound.
*W-ſ--y*, as great, tho' bungling *Satan* work
For Months, can ſnap his Cobwebs at a Jerk *(a)*.

JOHN.] "But whither wou'd the Muſe tranſport the Bard?

"How durſt ſhe bear on *ſacred* Things ſo hard? (*b*)
"How long ſhall bold Buffoon'ry's impious Pen
"Thus ſatirize the beſt of *Saints* and *Men*;
"In tort'ring Rhyme, and *Copper-Plate* profane *(c)*,
"Attempt on ſpotleſs *Lambs* (*d*) to fix a Stain;
"With *Innuendos* ſinleſs *Leaders* brand,
"And mock *Perfection* with a playful Hand?
"Are there no *Judgments* (*e*) in Reſerve for ſuch
"As, like the *Weaver (f)*, laugh at *Knaves* too much?

(*a*) The greateſt *Converter* that ever lived. V. Farther Appeal, 84, 85.—Too wiſe for the Devil. 4 Jour. 56, 57, 59.

(*b*) See a Copy of a pious Letter to this Purpoſe in the Preface.

(*c*) See the Monthly Review, *April*, 1778, on *Perfection*, a Poem.—They cry out, "Whips, Scorpions, Anecdotes, excruciating Rhymes, and torturing Copper-Plate Cuts! We never ſaw any thing more ſevere!"

(*d*) *Methodiſts*, who by a ſingle word from *J. W—y* are changed at once from *Lions* into *Lambs*. See his Journals. 4 Jour. 56.

(*e*) Learn of *W—y* what terrible Judgments fall on thoſe who oppoſe or diſcredit *Methodiſm*. 4 Jour. 59, 60.—Even upon all *Great-Britain*. Farther Appeal, p. 238-9. —3 Jour. 44, 59, 64, 68, 26, 27.—7 Jour. 93, 108.—9 Jour. 23.

(*f*) 3 Jour. 44.

" For thoſe who (with the *Quaker* (*a*)) bite their Lip,
" And knit their Brow, to hear how *Dæmons* ſkip (*b*)
" From *Saint* to *Saint*, thro' all th' inchanted Flock,
" Till ev'ry Soul's *poſſeſs'd* from *Fancy*'s Shock!
" For thoſe who, curs'd with fatal *Unbelief* (*c*),
" Think each *fanatic Quack* a *Fool* or *Thief*?"

POET.] *Judgments* there are,---but none that *Reaſon* fears:
No *honeſt* Teacher ought to loſe his *Ears* (*d*).---
But when *Impoſture* (*e*) in a Pulpit mounts,
And with foul Waters poiſons *Sion*'s Founts;
When *Falſehood* counterfeits the Voice of *Truth*,
Miſleading *Age*, intoxicating *Youth*,
To *Satan*'s (*f*) Miſſion forging *Heaven*'s Seal (*g*),
For *Piety* obtruding *frantic Zeal*,

(*a*) 3 Jour. 43.

(*b*) 3 Jour. 94, 95.—In Congregations theſe *jumping Devils* are very active.

(*c*) The greateſt Curſe that can fall upon a fanatic Saint, who *muſt believe* at all Events, or he is no Food for *Impoſtors*.

(*d*) No Puniſhment deters a *Methodiſt* like *Ducking*—only *dip* him, and he *dies*. 14 Jour. 36, 37.

(*e*) Mr. *Rowland Hill* paints this Kind of Impoſture well in his late Tract called *Impoſture Detected*, and in his *Full Anſwer* to *J. Weſley*.

(*f*) 3 Jour. 40.—Farther Appeal, p. 122, 124.

(*g*) Our *Reynard*'s Miſſion muſt be falſe, if *J. W—y*'s own Criterion of a falſe Prophet is juſt,—viz. if he appears *full of himſelf, vain, heady*, and *opinionated*. V. 6 Jour. 128.

Inflicting

Inflicting fatal Wounds (*a*) on tender Brains,
*Vending* Heav'n's beſt Rewards, or Hell's worſt Pains;
When ſuch *Deceivers* ev'ry Virtue bring
Within the Circle of the *F---d'ry Ring*;
Excluding (*b*) all who, quitting *Sound* for *Senſe* (*c*),
Prefer *Sincerity* to *Craft*'s Pretence,
And, ſcorning from *enchanted Cups* to quaff
*Cirtæan* Draughts (*d*), at *Reynard*'s Fictions laugh (*e*);
Fictions contriv'd from *Mobs* their Pence to ſteal,
By playing off *a Wheel within a Wheel* (*f*);
Is there a Dolt, when ſuch *falſe Lights* ariſe,
Who would purſue thoſe Rays which cheat his Eyes (*g*)?
In Spite of *Reaſon* follow *Prieſtcraft*'s Lure,
Or from a *Mountebank* (*b*) expect a Cure?

(*a*) Driving ſimple, illiterate Creatures to Deſpair, Madneſs, and Suicide. See *J. W—y* ſcare a poor Girl that kept Sheep. 11 Jour. 64.

(*b*) As *Backſliders*, who quit theſe pious Societies, not chuſing to be any longer gulled.

(*c*) *Senſe* and *Reaſon* are Enemies to *Methodiſm*. V. *W—y*'s 3 Jour. 47, where he ſays, that two Converts, who once had the Light, *reaſoned* themſelves into Darkneſs.

(*d*) The Witchcraft of *Circe* is as well known as that of any modern *Foundery*; only that of the latter, it ſeems, has juſt the contrary Effect, by turning *Beaſts* into *Men*. Quære, 16 Jour. 68.

(*e*) Quære, Whether the Sun was ever clouded over, or violent Rain inſtantly ſtopped, upon his Prayer, as upon *J. Weſley*'s? V. 10 Jour. 8, 9. —And the Wind ceaſed at his bidding. V. ibid. p. 9.

(*f*) See the Text (Ezek. i. 16) of a late inflammatory Sermon on God's Work in *America*, by *J. Weſley*, M. A.

(*g*) Rays beaming from thoſe *fanatic* Lights, which *Butler*, in his *Hudibras*, humorouſly calls the *Dark-Lanterns* of the *Spirit*. V. Canto I. v. 505.

(*b*) A *religious* Mountebank.

If

If ſo---Saint *Francis*, and *Ignatius* (*a*), yield!
I'll bett on *Reynard*'s Head againſt the *Papal Field*.
In Science *therapeutic*, and *divine*,
Above thy Fellows, *Reynard!* thou ſhalt ſhine;
In *Politics*, and *Preaching*, *Y-rk* (*b*) outgo,
And cure *Phrenetics* better than *Munro* (*c*).

Thou *Prophet!* more than *Prophet!* (*d*)---*Moſes*, *Paul*,
Not all th' *Apoſtles*, nor the *Head of all* (*e*),
(If thou ſay'ſt *true*,) thy *Miracles* excel (*f*).
May this fond Notion with thy *Converts* dwell!
Thoſe *ſinleſs Tribes* in ſtrong Deluſion ſtup'd,
By *pious Fraud* impov'riſh'd, gull'd, and dup'd.

(*a*) Two of the wickedeſt Jugglers in the whole Popiſh Calendar.——*J. W—y* copies after St. *Ignatius*. V. 5 Jour. 87.

(*b*) See a late *Tory* Treatiſe upon *Parties* and *American* Politics, fired off from the Pulpit by a certain A—b—p. —*Mark him!*

(*c*) *J. W—y* is a better *Phyſician* than thoſe of the *College*, for he can bruiſe *Satan* under his Feet. V. 5 Jour. 26, 56.—3 Jour. 88, 83.—5 Jour. 33, 56, 81, 86.

(*d*) "Now I know thou art a *Prophet* of the Lord," ſaid the incredulous *Quaker* to Brother *W—y*. 3 Jour 43.—Thou "*bleſſed of the Lord!*" ſays another to *J. W—y*. 4 Jour. 96.—"*Such Honour*," ſays *J. W—y*, "have *all the Saints*."—He ſays, that the *Wiſdom of God* employed the *fitteſt Inſtruments*—i. e. his *Brother* and *himſelf*. V. Farther Appeal, p. 114, 115.—That *W—y* has a *prophetic Spirit*, v. 4 Jour. 30.—Proclaims his Miſſion as equal to that of *Chriſt* and the Apoſtles, 3 Jour. 38.—See *Howel Harris*'s Caſe, 3 Jour. 60.—V. 5 Jour. 122. "Thou haſt received a *Prophet*," ſays *John* of himſelf, "in the Name of a *Prophet*."—13 Jour. 57.

(*e*) *Chriſt* himſelf.

(*f*) See a certain *fanatic Bedlamite*'s Journals throughout.—Hear what a Brother of our *Reynard* ſays upon his own *Miracles*. 3 Jour. 40, 43.—4 Jour. 83.—Laſt Appeal, p. 123.—Anſw. to Church. p. 44, 43.—3 Jour. 8, 26.—4 Jour. 79, 83. 92, 77, 86, 69.—3 Jour. 63, where a Compariſon is made between the Miracles by *Chriſt* and his Apoſtles and *J. Weſley*'s.—The *Blind* cured. 5 Jour. 72.—One juſt dead cured. 5 Jour. 81.—The very Sight of *W—y* cures. 8 Jour. 34.

But,

But, if *thine own Salvation*'s worth a Thought,
'Midſt all the *Miracles* thy Hand has wrought,
Let *one*, ſtill greater, thy vaſt Fame enſure;
On *your own Head*, and *Heart*, effect a *Cure (a)*:
Purge *that* from *Frenzy*; *this* from *Cenſure* ſave;
And dread to die a *Madman (b)*, or a *Knave (c)*.

*(a)* See 3 Jour. 86; and 5 Jour. 81, 86; where *Chriſt*, the great Phyſician, comes through *J. W—y.*—But, *Phyſician!* heal thyſelf.—See a Conſultation of Phyſicians upon *John's Brain*, 16 Jour. 65.

*(b)* Our *Reynard* was always *cracked-brained*—So was poor *J. W—y.* V. 3 Jour. 67, 45.—Hear him of himſelf. 1 Jour. 68, 69.—3 Jour. 11, 12.—1 Jour. 14.—*Idem agit ſimile.*—Our *Reynard* is an *Alter idem*—as like as if—he were ſpit out of his Mouth.

*(c) Half-Chriſtians* (from whom Mr. *W—y* deſires God to deliver him, 3 Jour. 31) may think that the Author is here guilty of the groſſeſt Abuſe. *J. W—y* ſhall ſet him right; for he avers that no Methodiſt Preacher can be *ſaved*, unleſs he is *deſpiſed*. V. 3 Jour. 36.—God forbid, ſays he to his Brother *Whitefield*, that you ſhould ever be other than *generally ſcandalous*. V. 3 Jour. 57.—The Author will always be ready to contribute as much as poſſible to the *Salvation* of theſe *itinerant Apoſtles*.—See, however, what *W—y* ſays of *Ignatius Loyola*, ante p. 29, Note *(e)*—"He was no *Enthuſiaſt*, (no *Madman*,) ſays *John*;—No—*He knew the People with whom he had to do.*"

## OMISSION.

In p. 33, after the Lines,

" Contriv'd as well for *Uſe* as for Parade,
" For *carnal* and *ſpiritual* Cruſade,"

Read the following:

How ſafe behind *Perfection*'s Buckler lurks
*Impoſture*, to promote her *ſinleſs* Works!
*Reynard*, you're right!--Heav'n loves ſuch *pious Frauds*---
Hence half your Saints, *unmaſk'd*, are Whores, or Bawds:
Nay, *Mock-Apoſtles* are but little leſs
Than Devils lurking in *fanatic* Dreſs.
That Fiend, who loudeſt of *Perfection* boaſts,
Coil'd like the Serpent on *Numidia*'s Coaſts
*Gigantic (a)* call'd, above the reſt in Size,
From Length of Years, and Frauds well plann'd, grown wiſe,
Puts the ſame Arts in Practice----See him laid,
Maze within Maze, in ſubtle Ambuſcade!

*(a)* This extraordinary Serpent is diſtinguiſhed in Natural Hiſtory and Voyages by the emphatical Name of the *Gigantic* Serpent of *Africa*. It lurks in Moraſſes and watery Places for its Prey, coiled up in Circumvolutions of ſix Yards in Width; its Head riſing a little above theſe Mazes, which it holds immoveable.

 Fix'd

Fix'd as a Statue, in quick Glances ſly,
Around, by Stealth, he darts his gloating Eye.
Serpents alike, tho' of a diff'rent Claſs,
Cant in the *Found'ry*, hiſs in the *Moraſs*:
*This* hides, if lordly Man appears in View;
*That* ſprings, and preys on Man and Woman too.
*Perfect* in Guile, their Victims both aſſail,
And get their Living by their *Head* and *Tail (a)*.

" Fine Raillery," quoth *John*; &c.---as in p. 34.

*(a)* The *African* Serpent ſprings from his *Tail*; his *Head*, however, is not unemployed the while in nicely judging of the exact Diſtance of his Prey, before he darts upon it and ſecures it.

FINIS.

*Speedily will be publiſhed,*

A *Perfect* Diſquiſition on the *ſenſeleſs* Works of that celebrated Scourge to *Fanaticiſm*, the late *wretched* Writer, M. VOLTAIRE.

By JOHN CANTWELL and Co.

*** Let the Literary World beware of *Counterfeits*, and give no Credit to a *Foundery Untruth*, ſigned by a doating, crack-brained, ſuperannuated *Fanatic*, in the *Morning-Poſt* of January 16th.—The intended Work is really and truly the Work of JOHN CANTWELL and Co. *alone*, and of no *Plagiary* whatever.——"*Thou ſhalt not ſteal.*"

"Surely, no Pow'r of Heav'n, or Hell,
"Can pacify *Fanatic Zeal.*" HUDIBRAS.

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